

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 8
DEC.-JAN.



10¢

MAD



WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
A MONSTER,
MA'M! HAS
ONE BEEN
BY HERE
LATELY?

H. Kurtz



GADZOOKS!
MY JOY KNOWS
NO **BOUNDS!** I
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
MY **E.C. FAN-ADDICT
CLUB MEMBERSHIP
KIT** WHICH INCLUDES
A FULL COLOR
7½X10½ ILLUMINATED
CERTIFICATE, A STURDY
WALLET **IDENTIFICATION
CARD**, AN ATTRACTIVE
EMBROIDERED
SHOULDER PATCH,
AND A STUNNING
ANTIQUE BRONZE-
FINISH BAS-
RELIEF **PIN**. SO
WHAT!

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

FOR AN **INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP**, FILL OUT THE **COUPON** AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH **25¢**. IF **FIVE OR MORE** OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN **AUTHORIZED CHAPTER**, ENCLOSE **EACH MEMBER'S NAME** AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH **25¢** FOR **EACH NAME**, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE **ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT**. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS **CHAPTER NUMBER**. **EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL**, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT **DIRECTLY...** BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

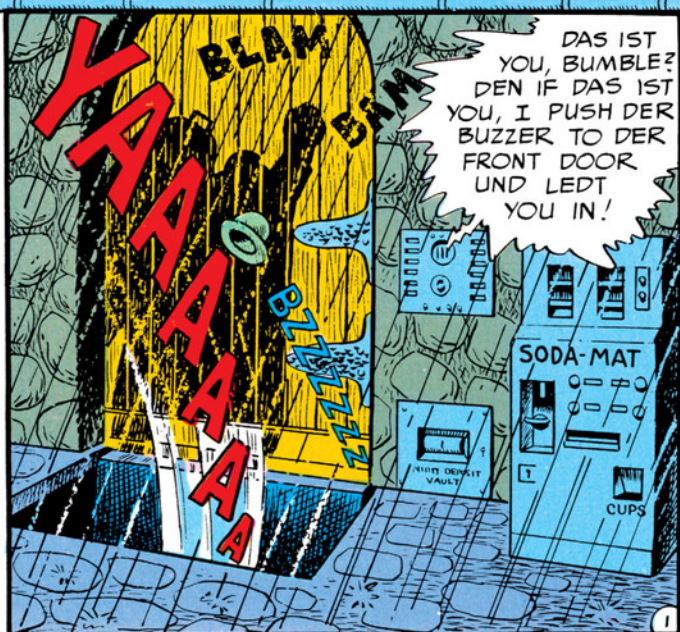
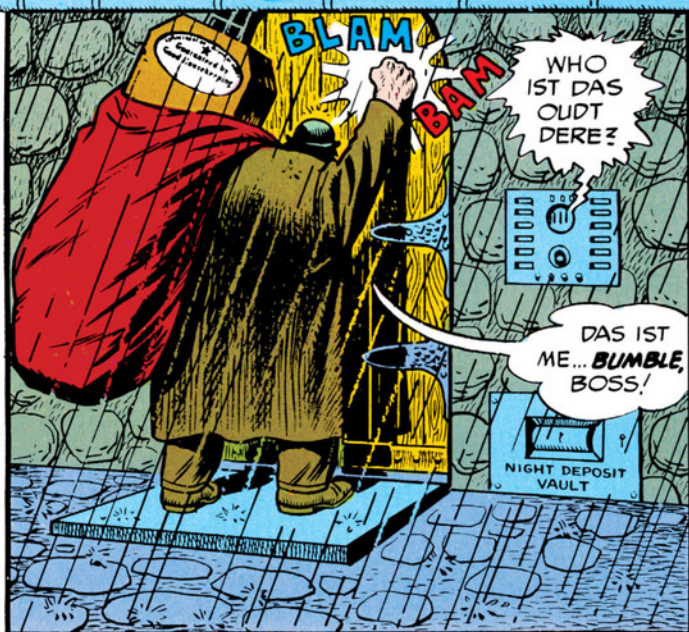
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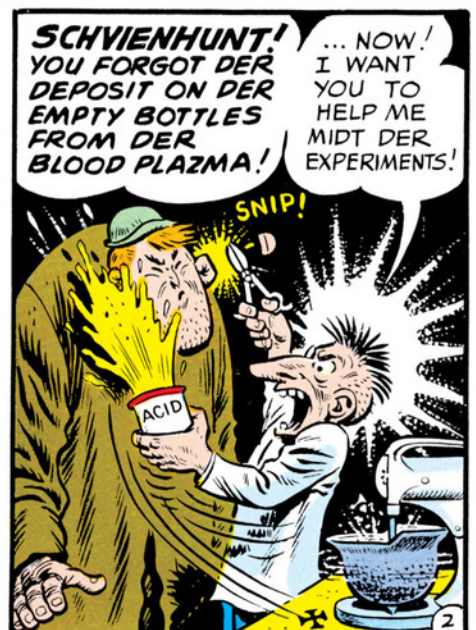
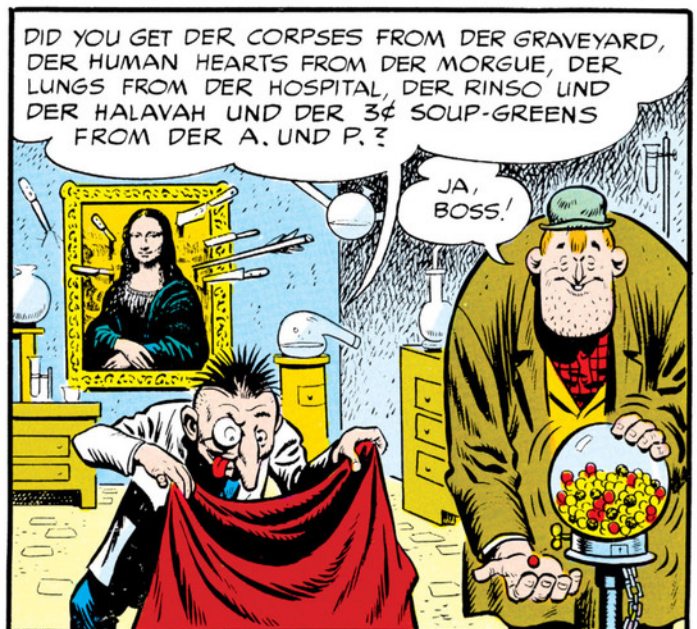
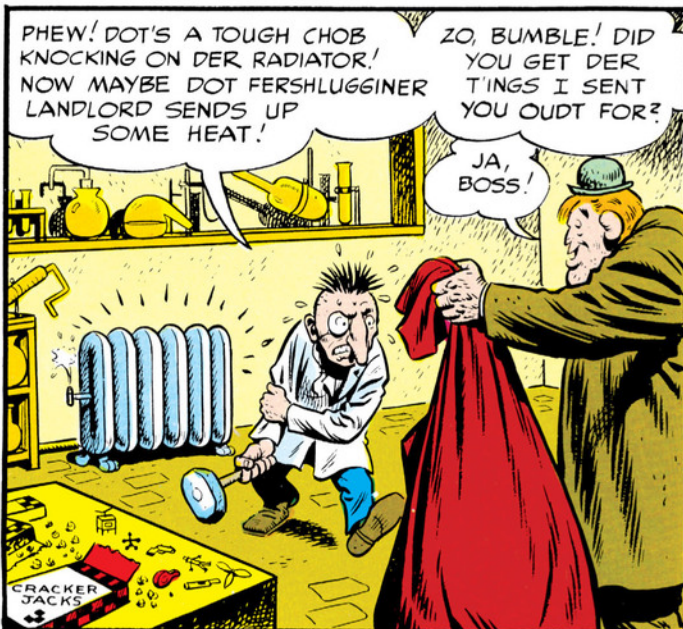
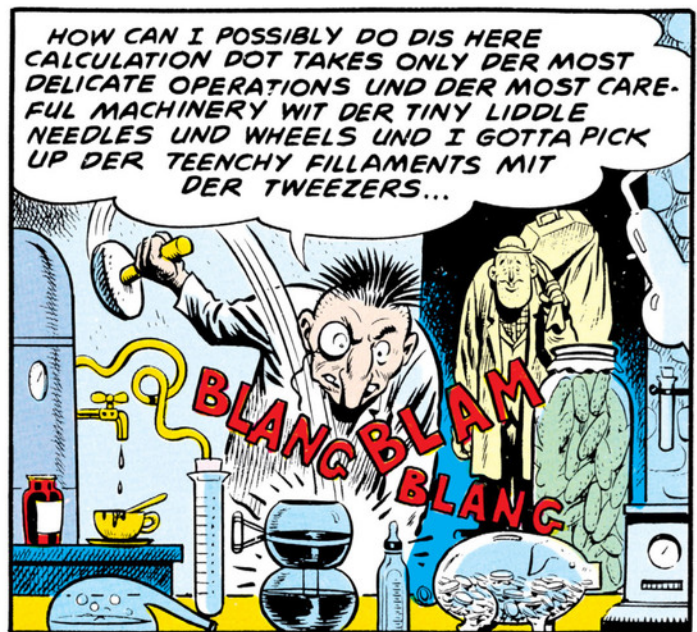
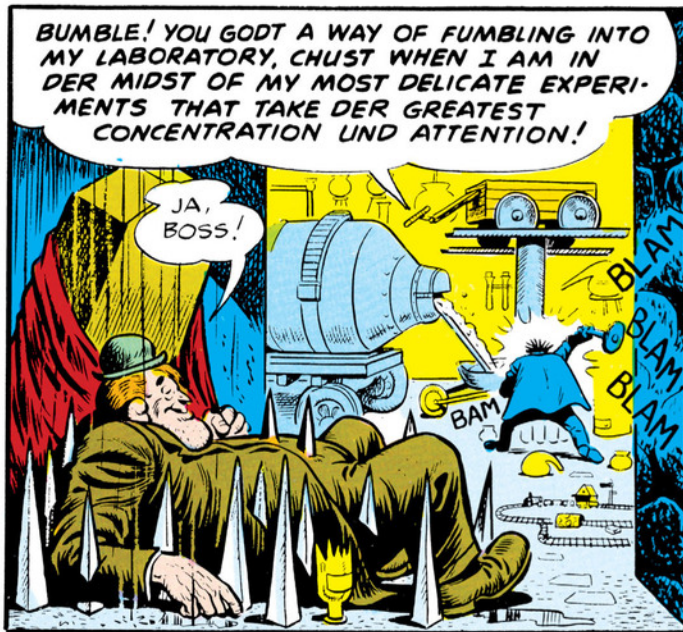
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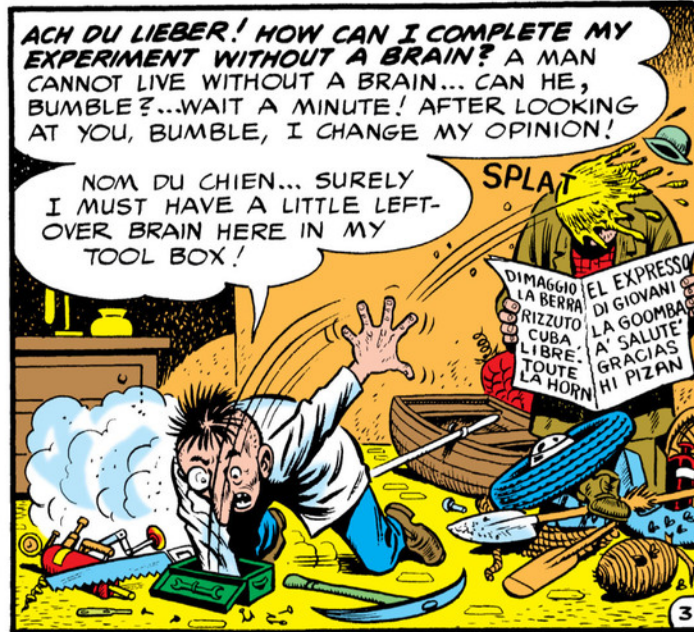
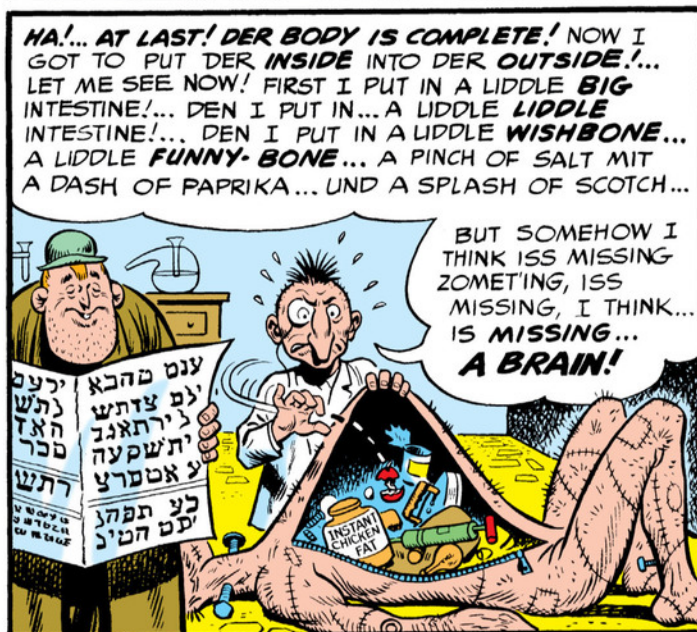
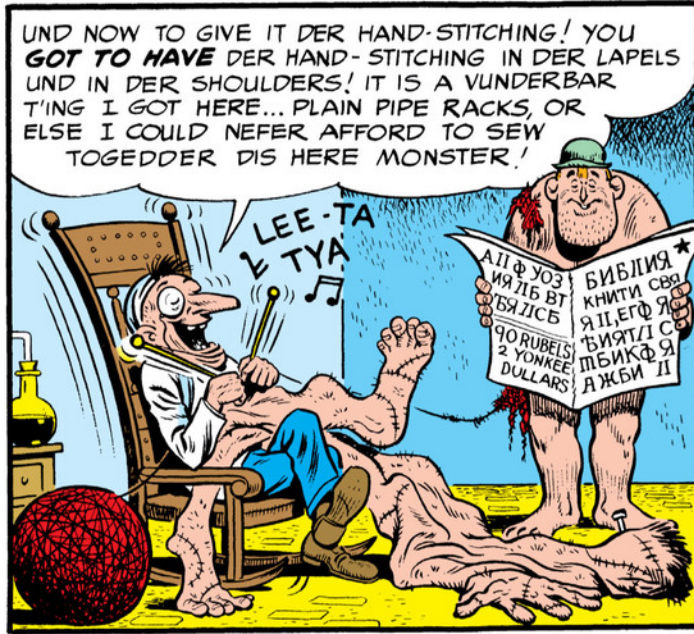
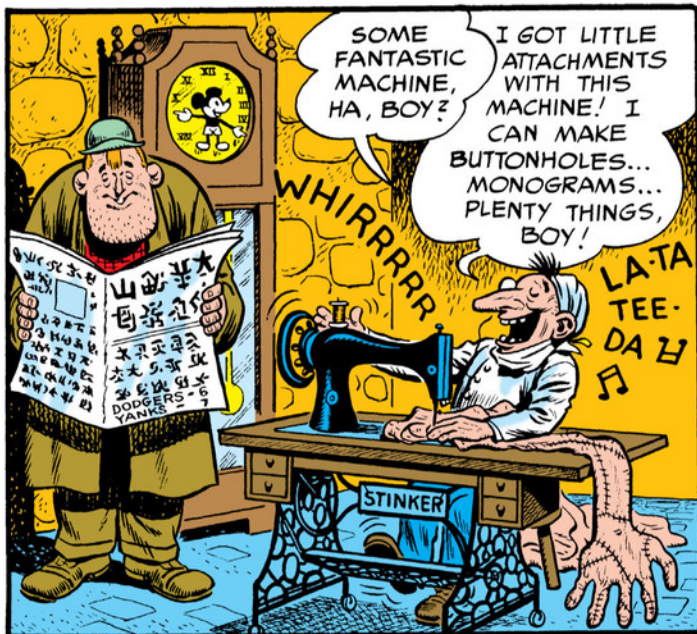
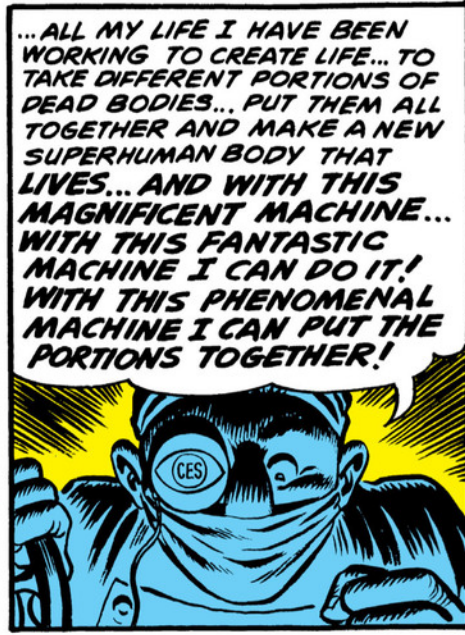
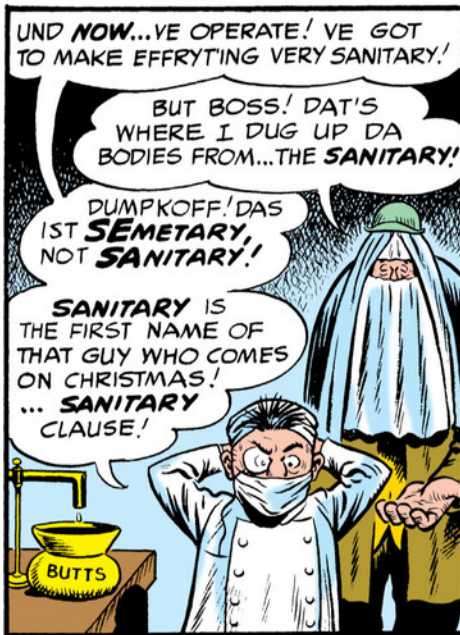
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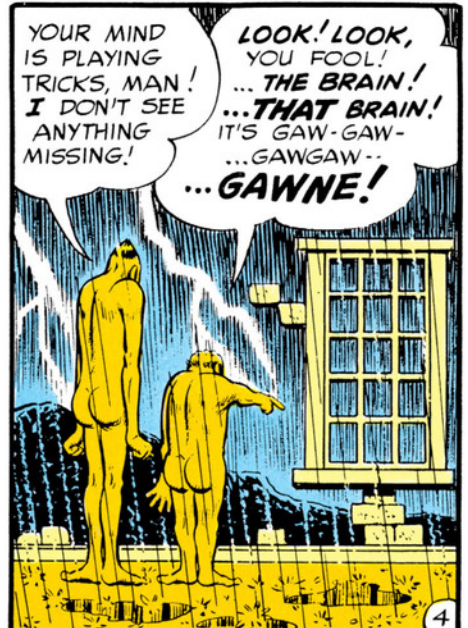
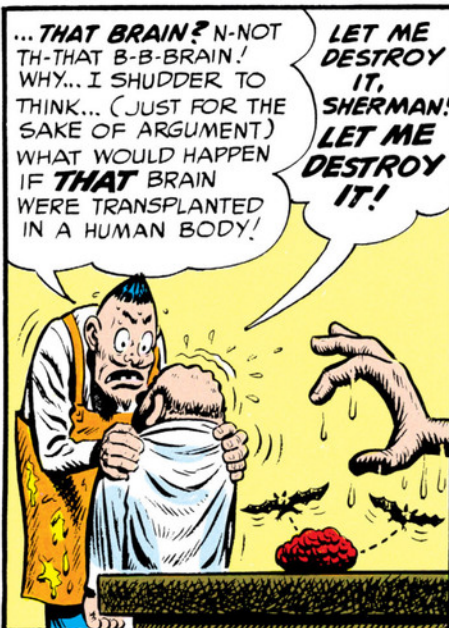
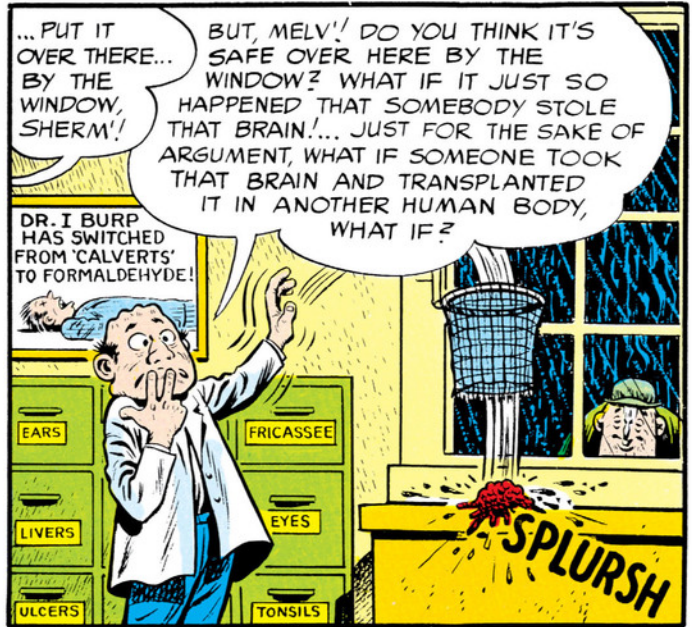
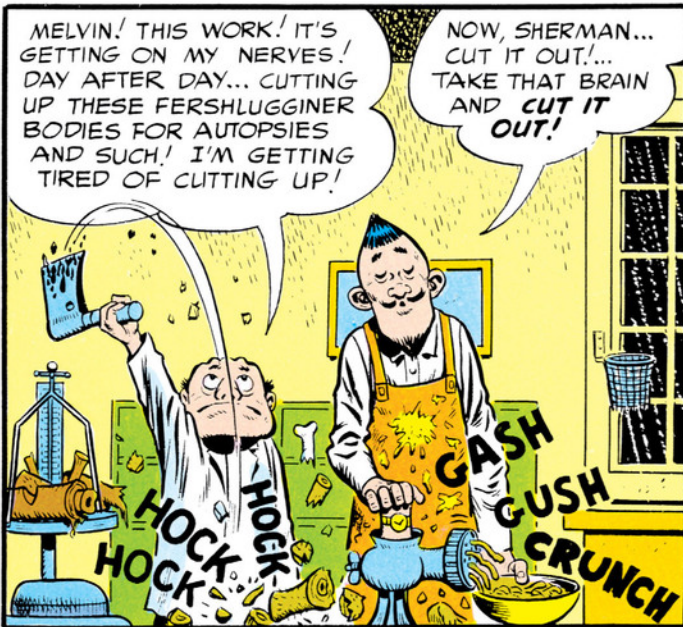
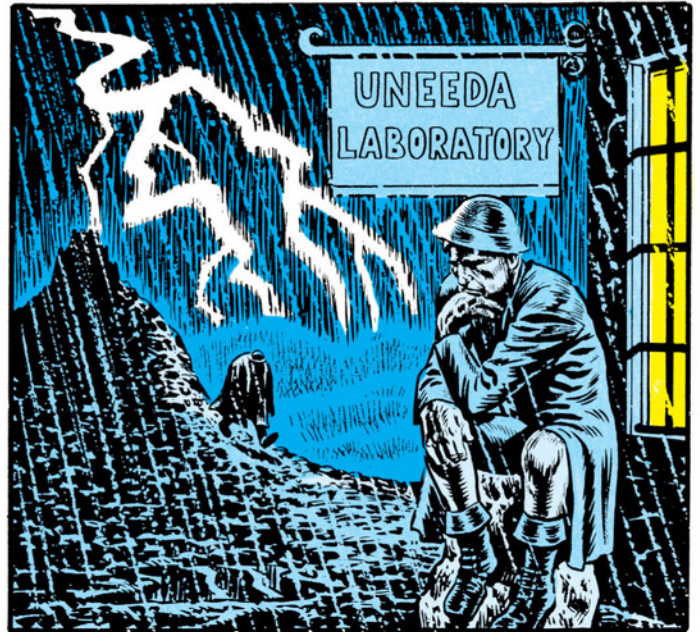
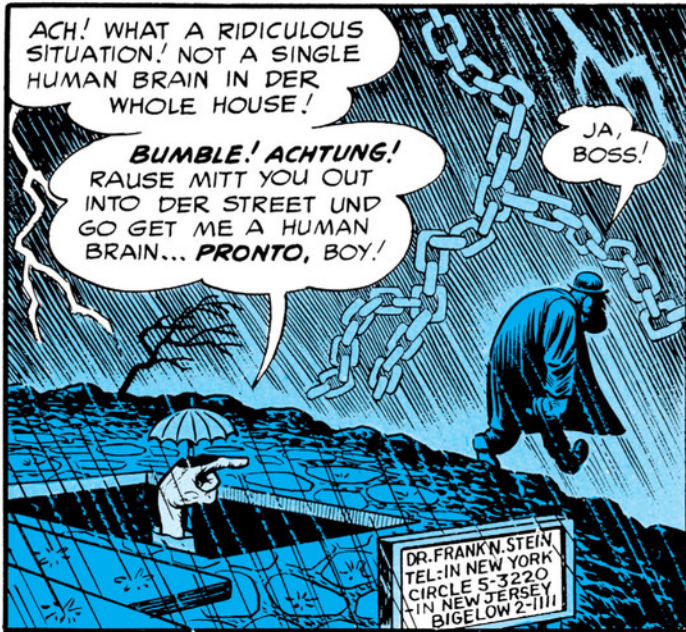
TERROR DEPT.: THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!...BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN...KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

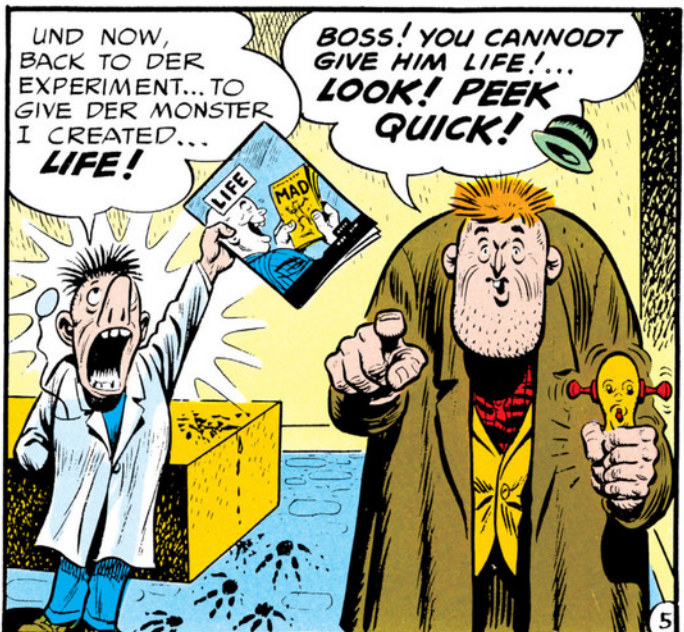
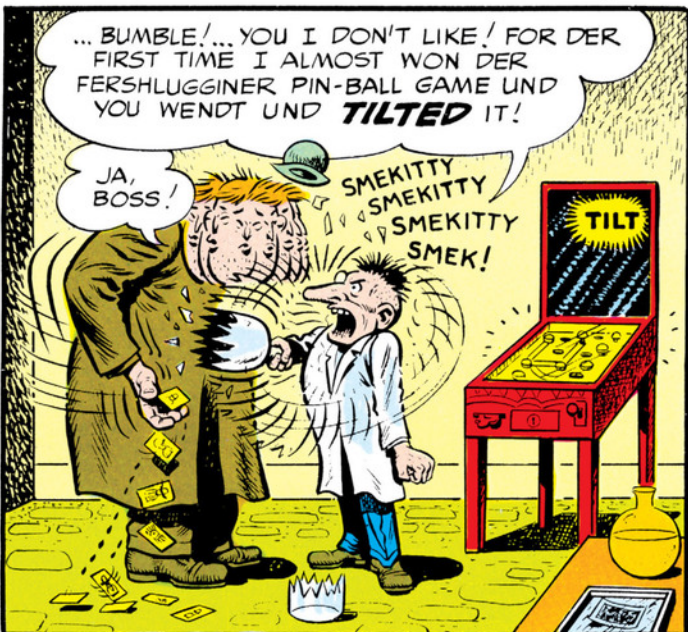
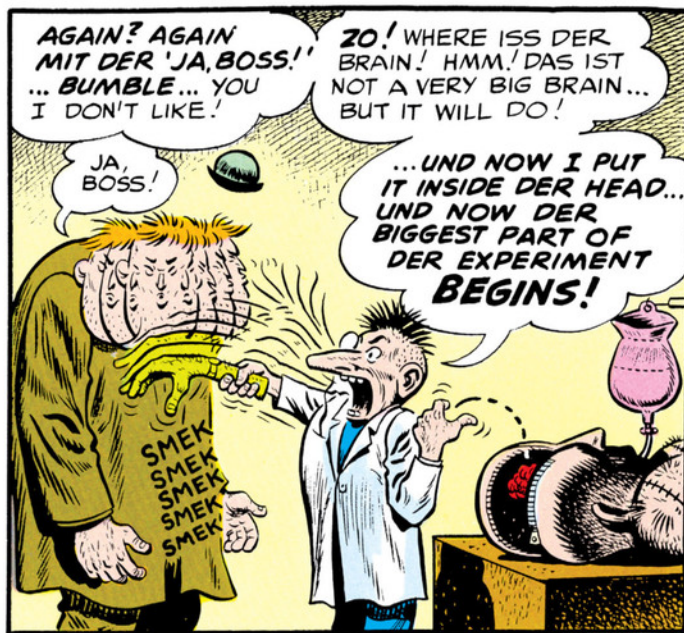
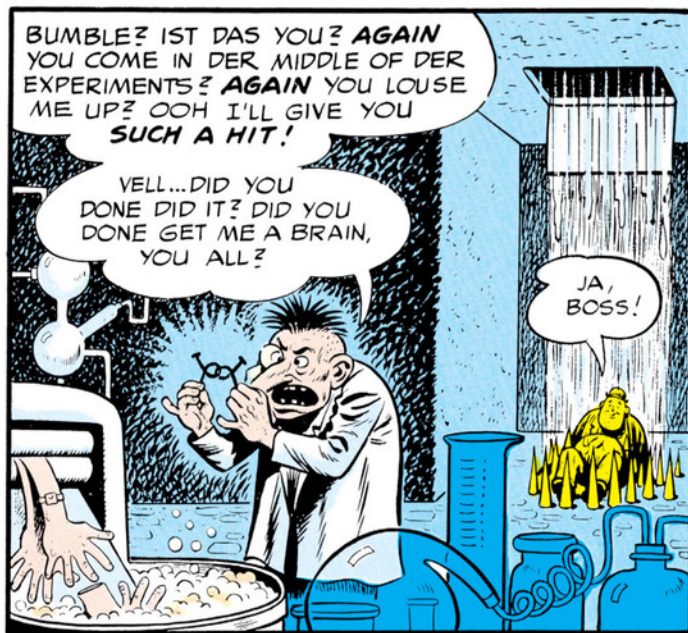
FRANK N. STEIN!

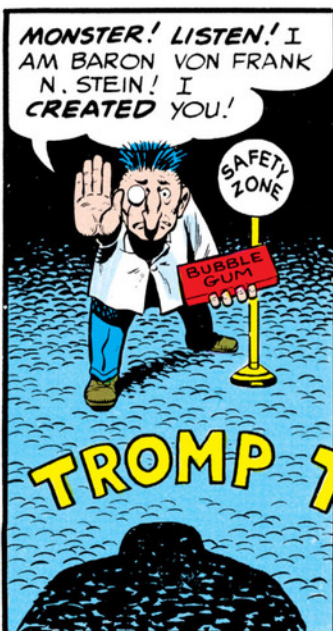
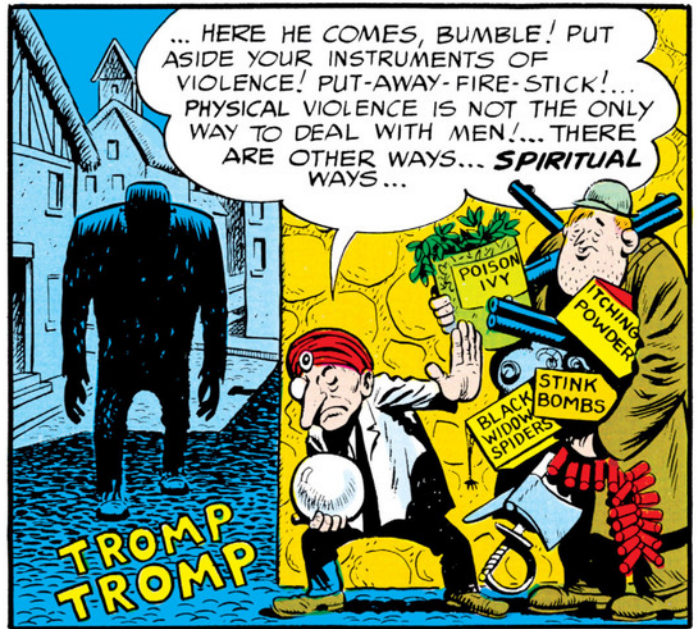
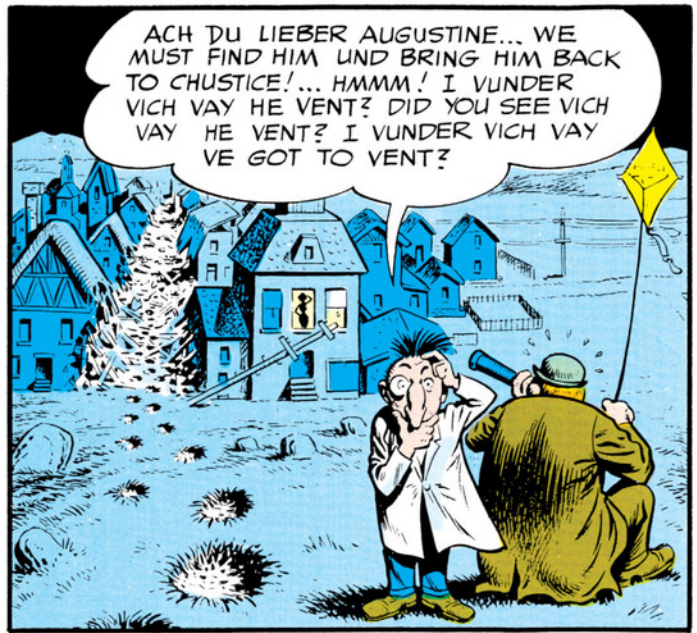
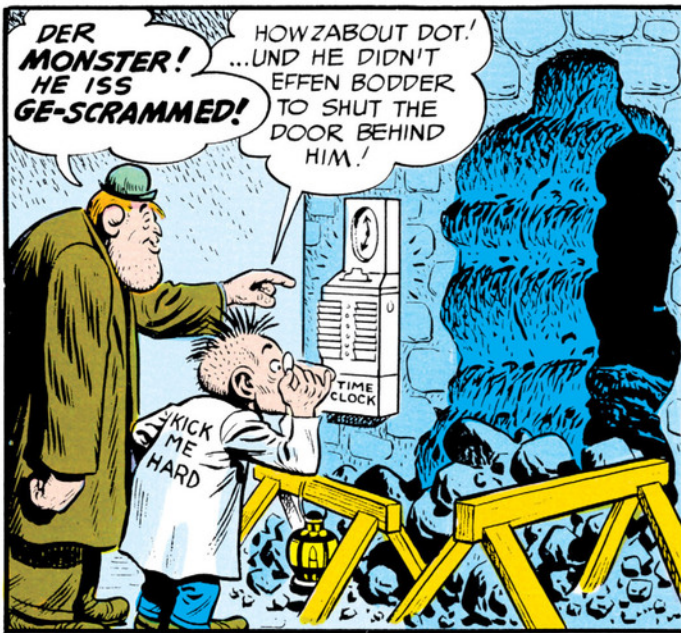




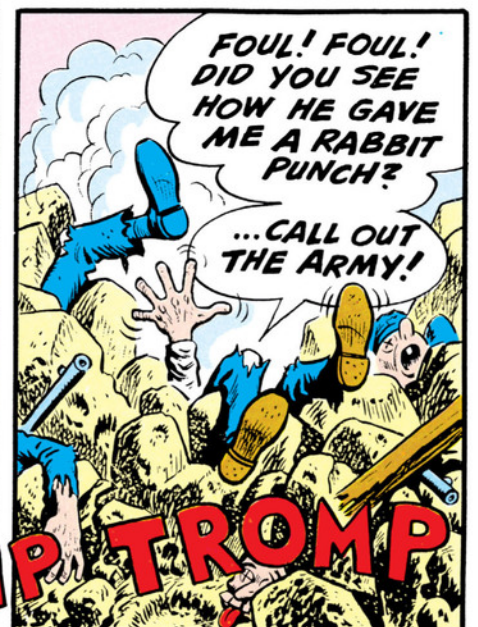
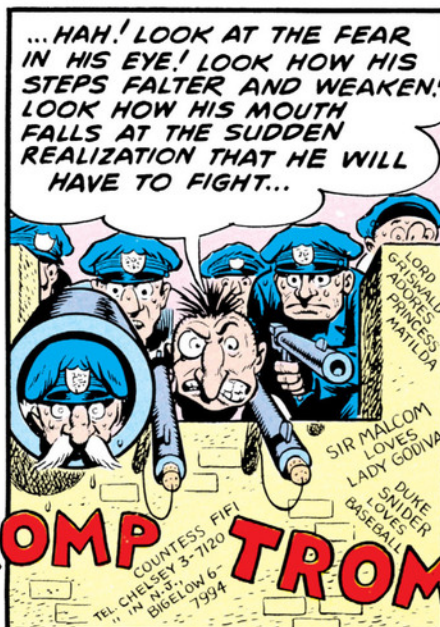
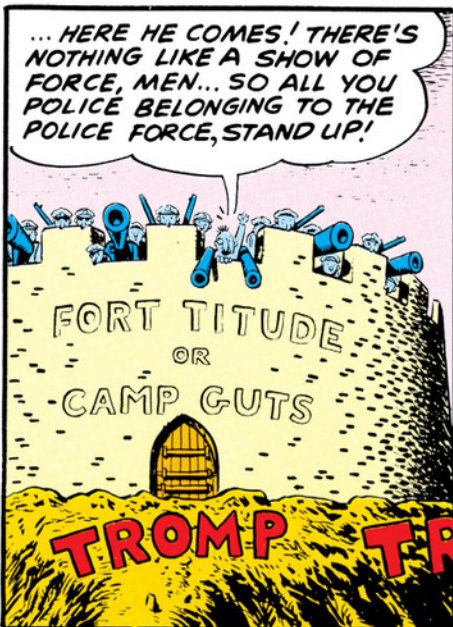
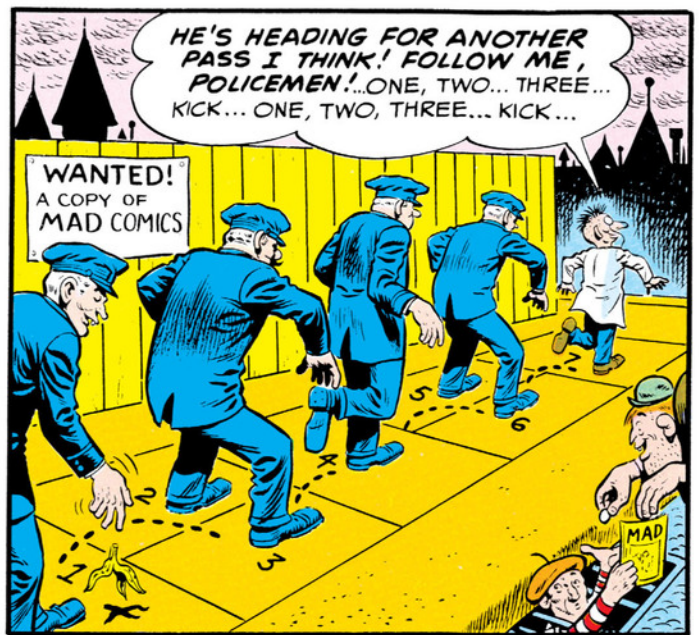
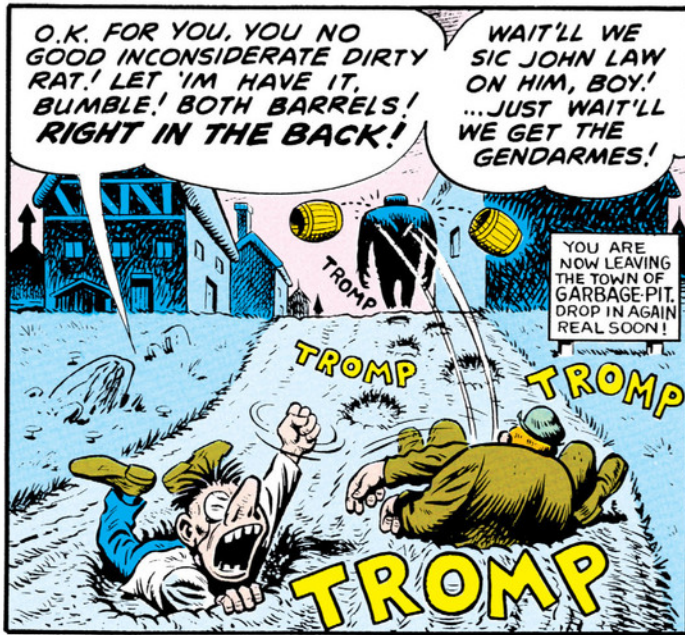


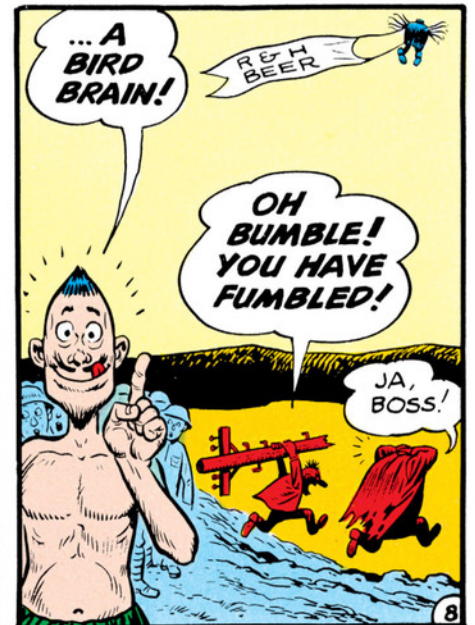
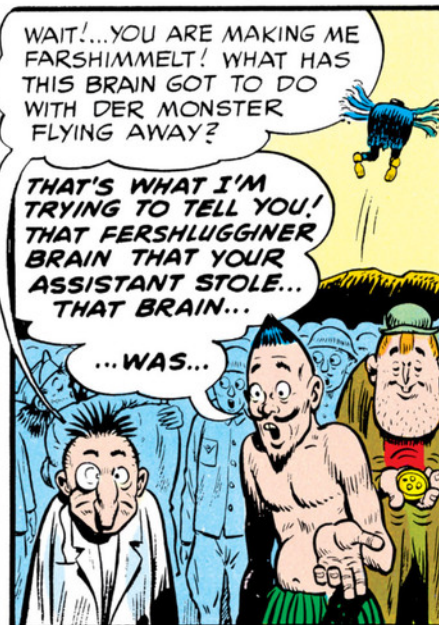
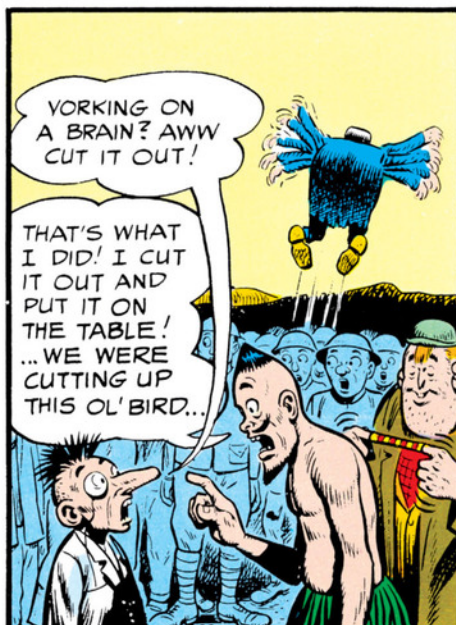
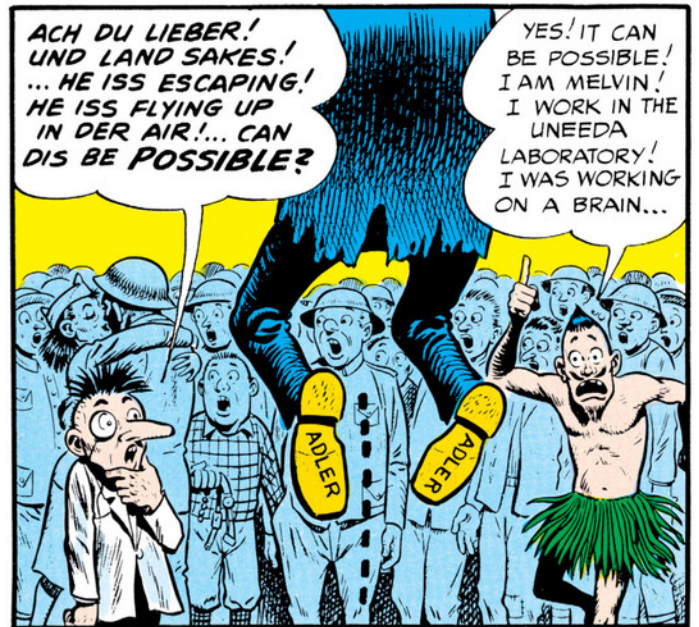
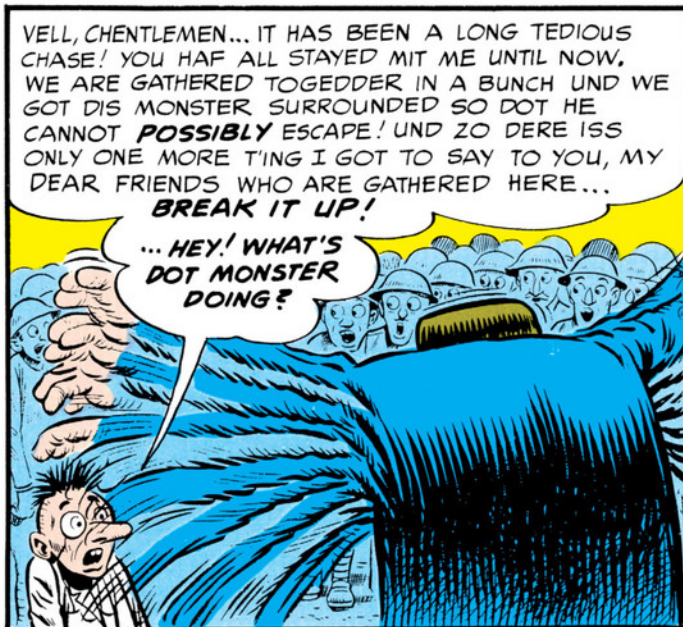
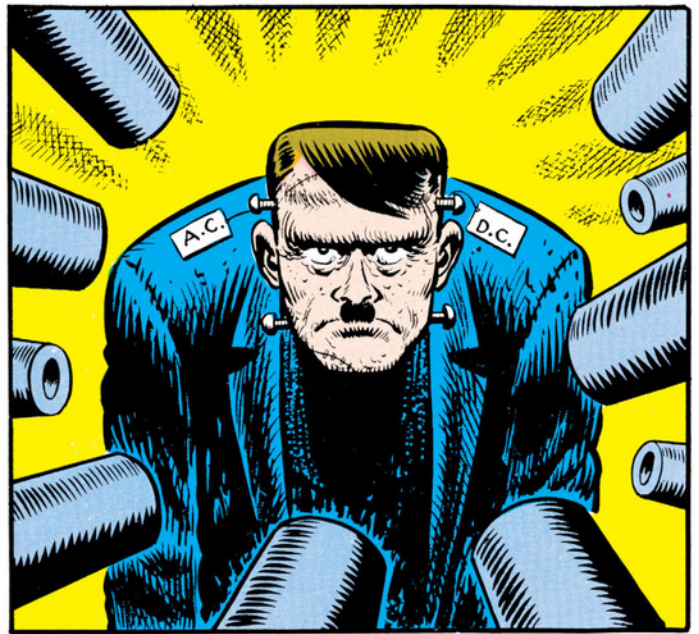
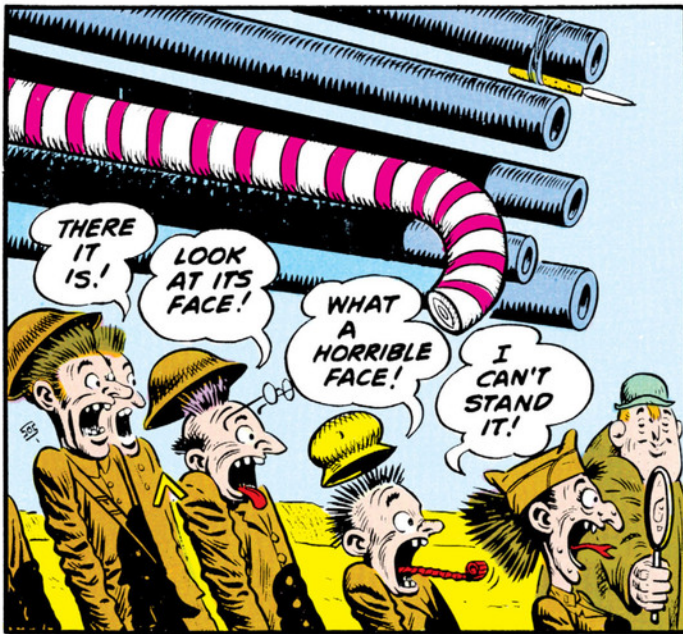




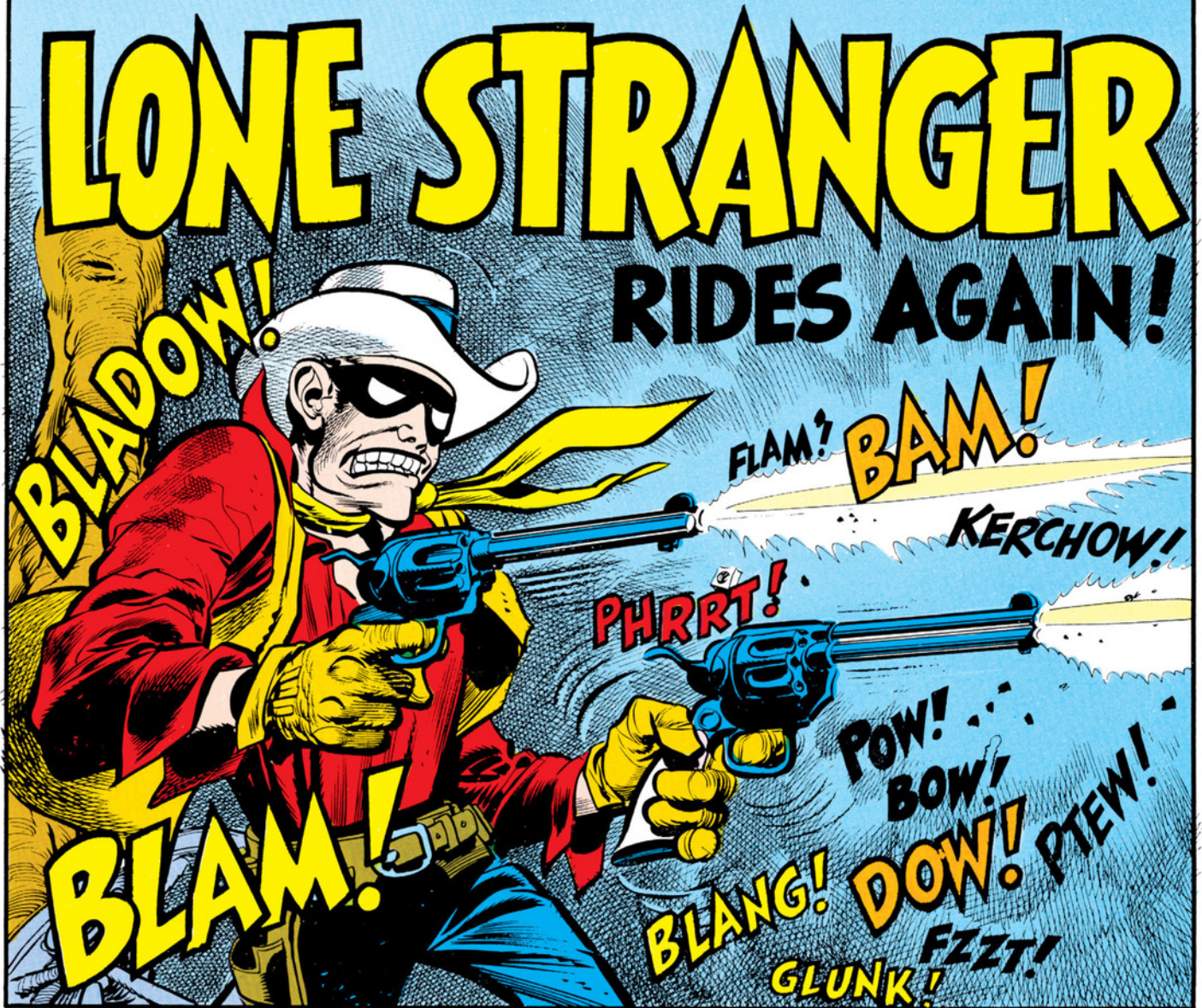


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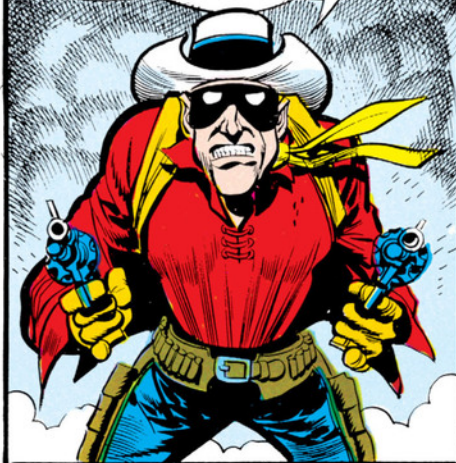




WESTERN DEPT.: THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR... TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...



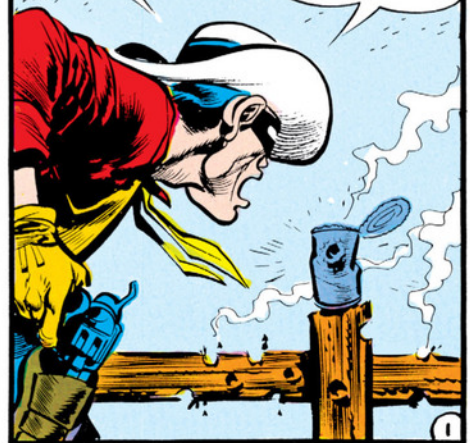
...MY SIX THUNDERING TWO-GUNS... I MEAN MY TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... ARE SILENT... OUT OF BULLETS! I AM **DEFENSELESS!**



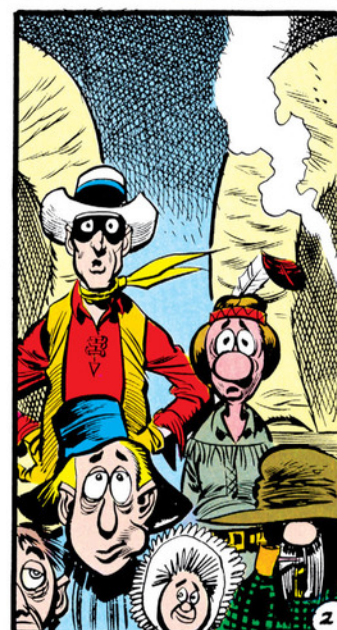
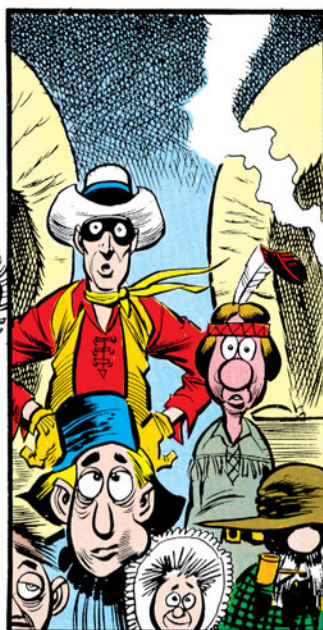
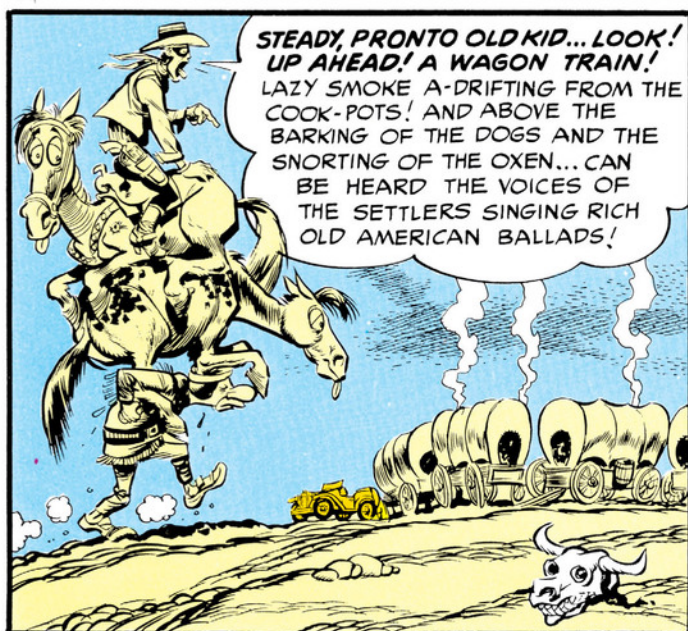
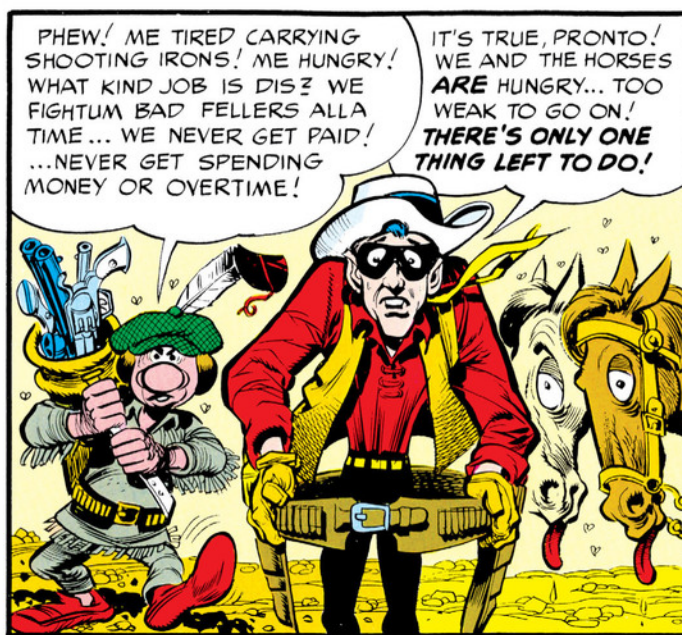
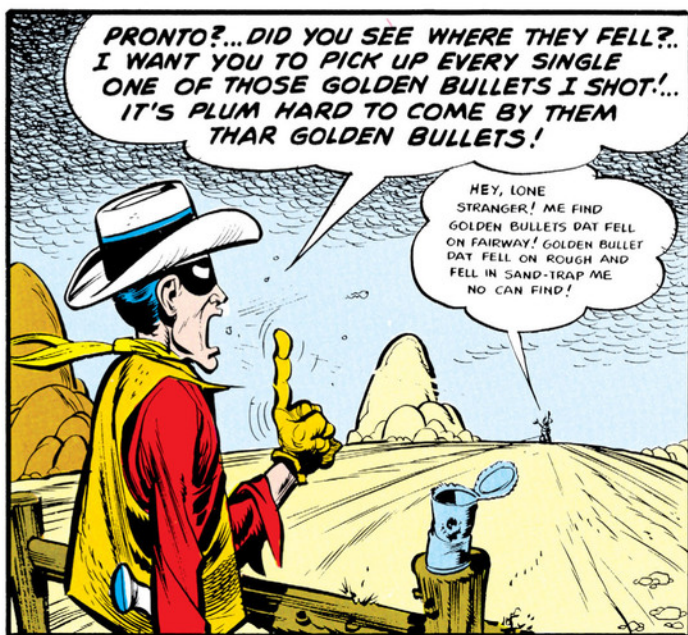
... BUT I DON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLETS! MY GUNS HAVE DONE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK! MY BULLETS HAVE FOUND THEIR TARGET!

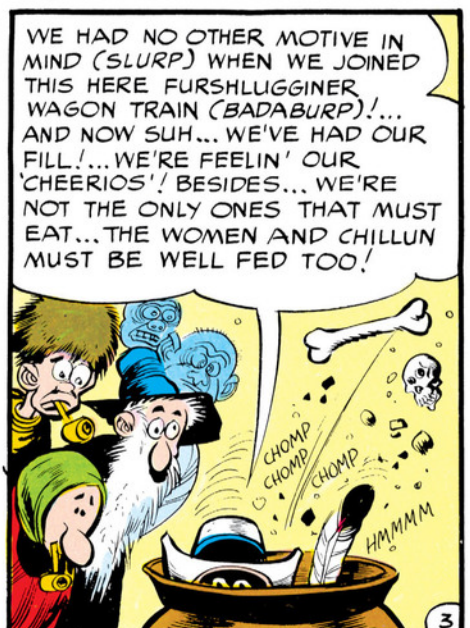
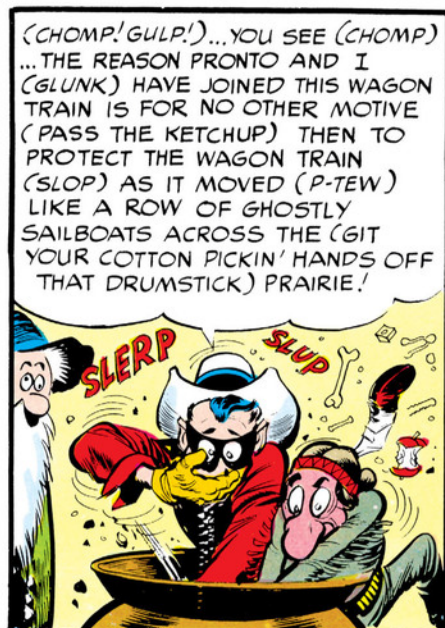
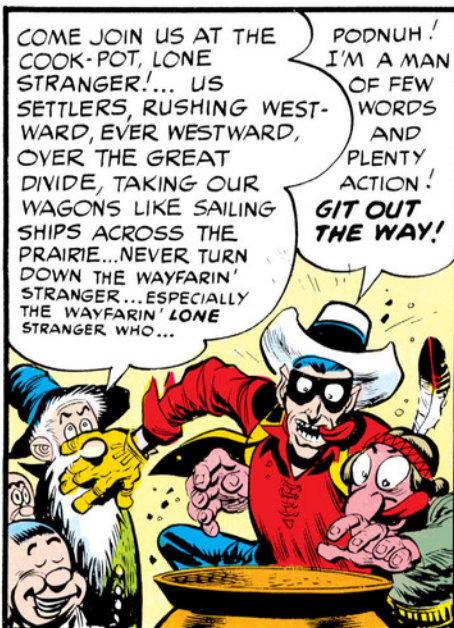
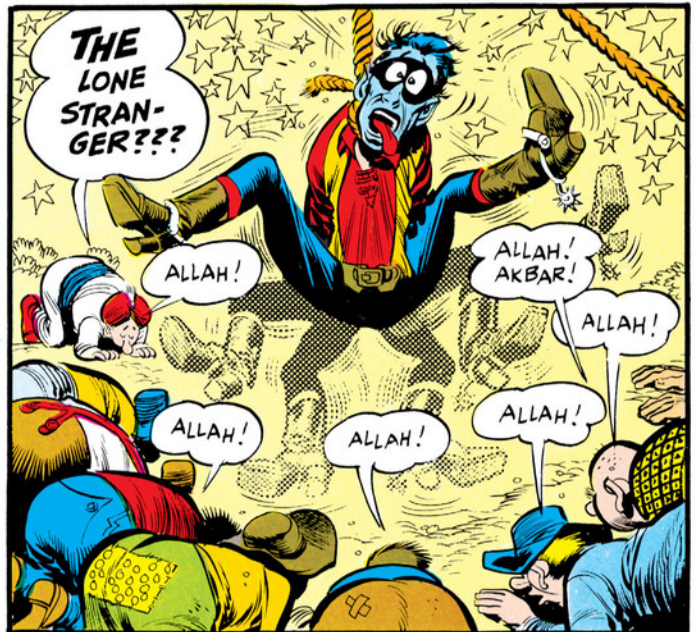
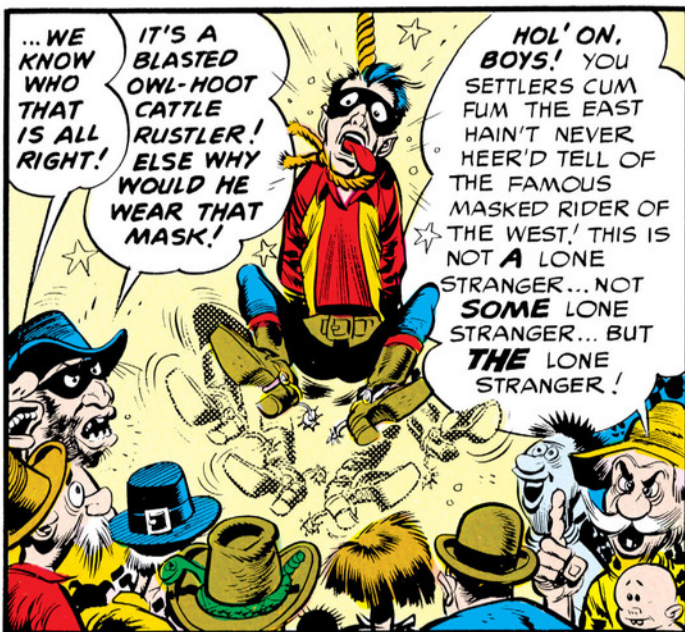
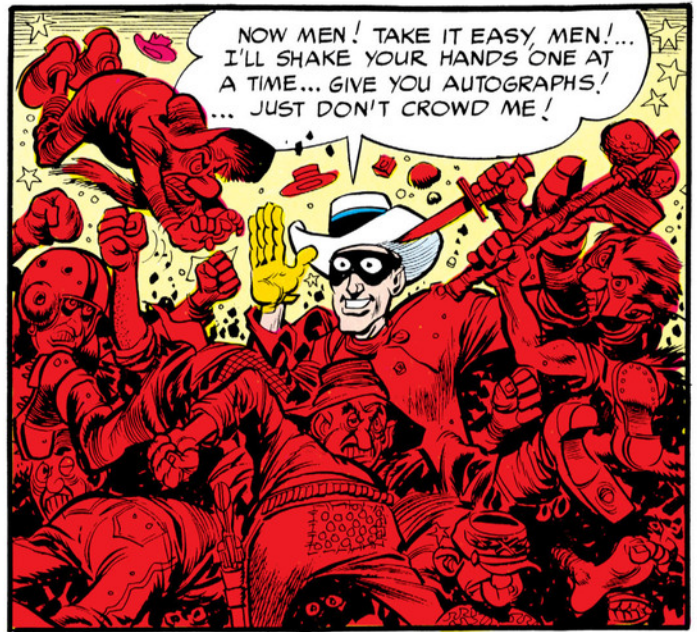
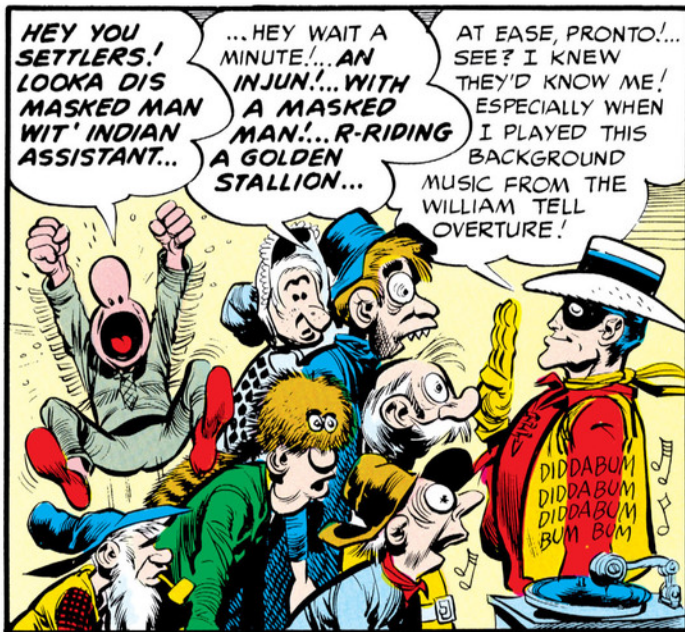


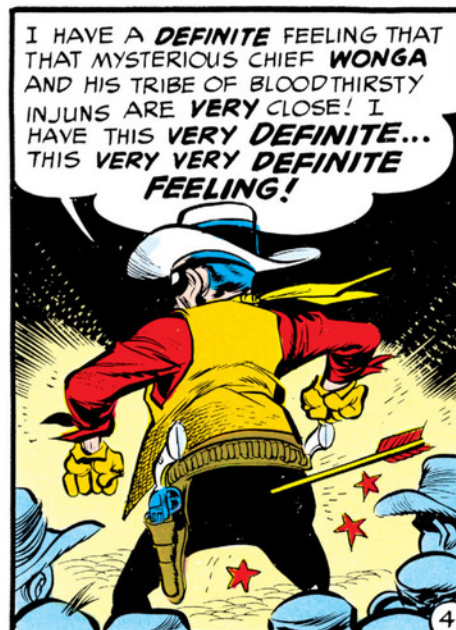
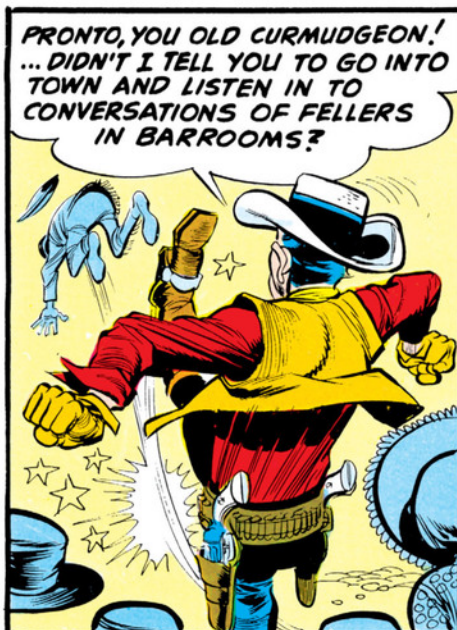
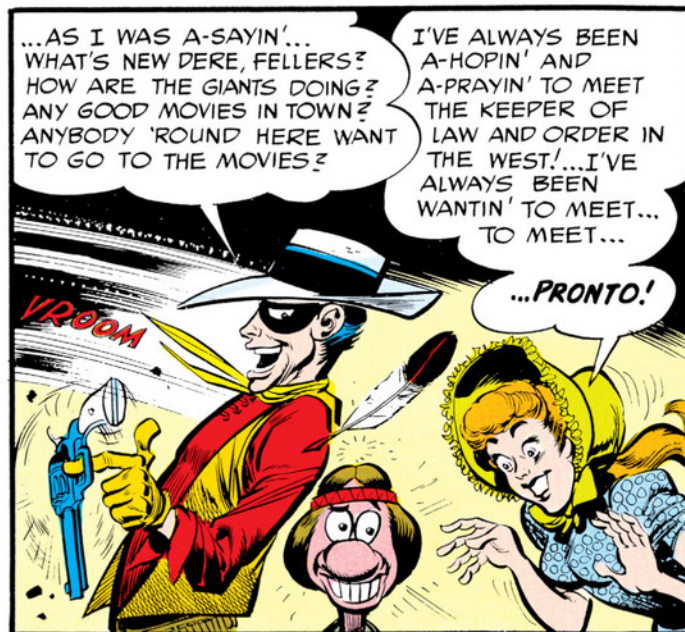
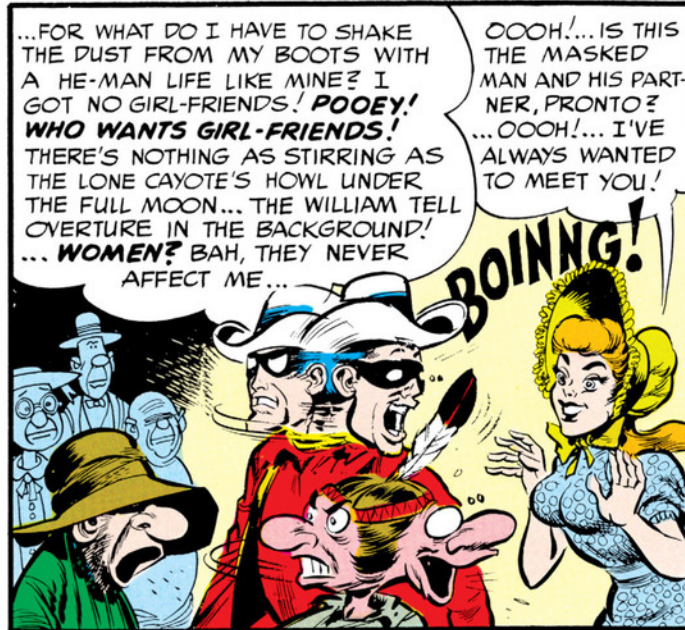
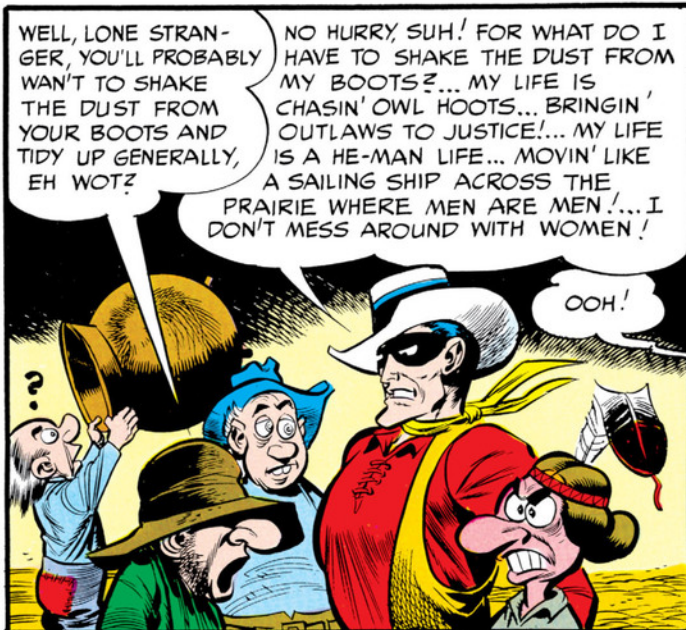
WELL... ANYHOW... **ONE** OF MY BULLETS FOUND THE TARGET!

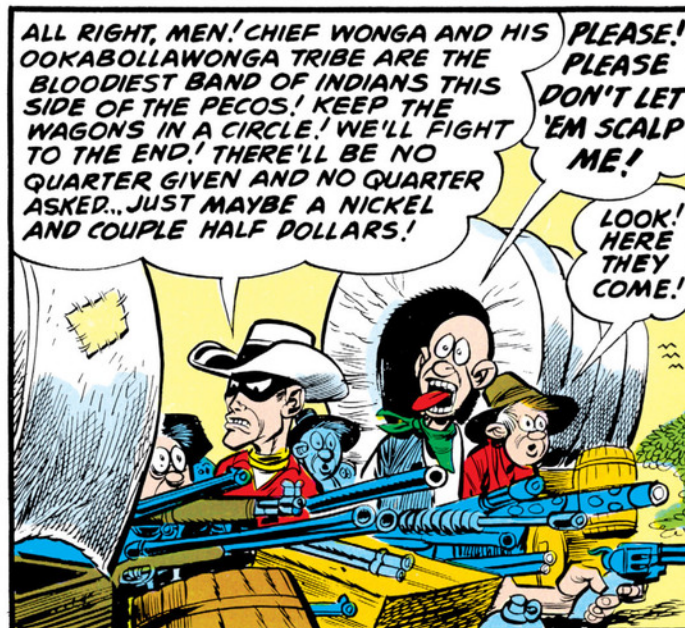
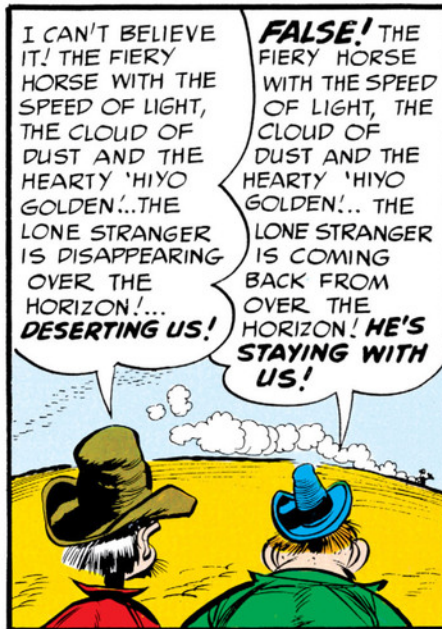
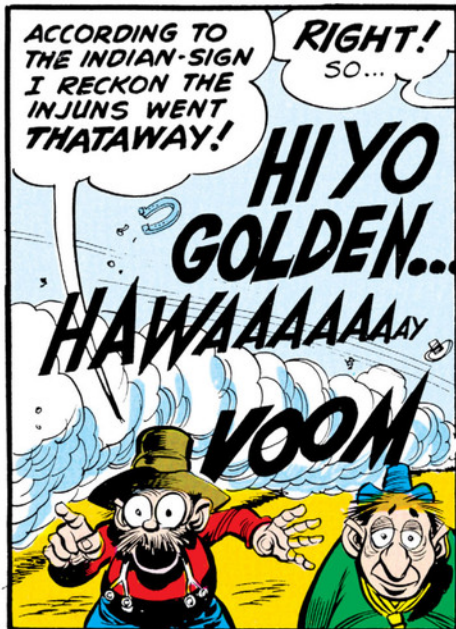
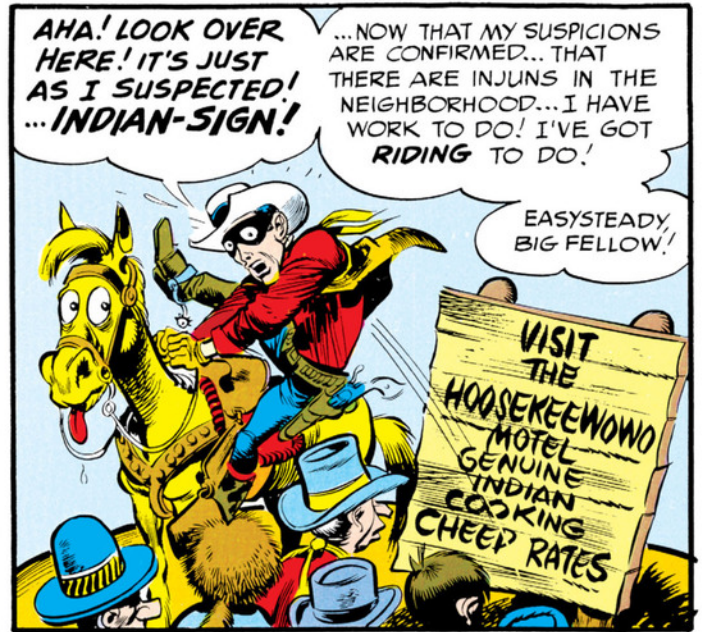
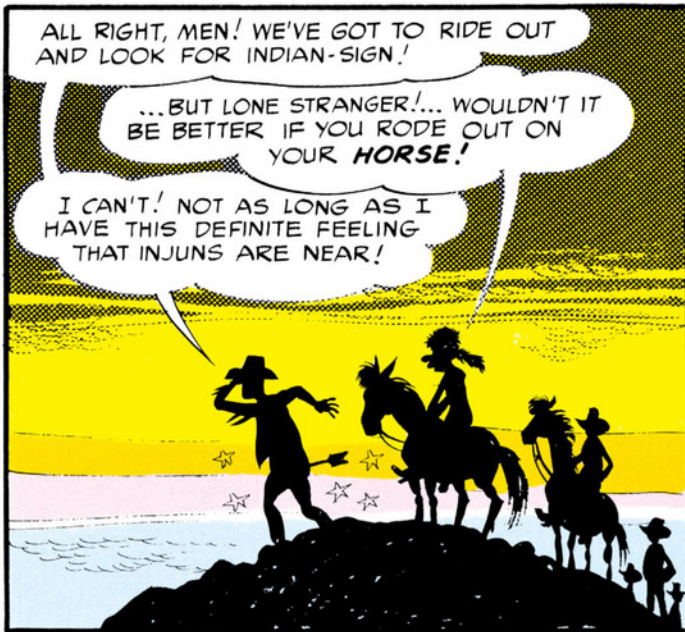


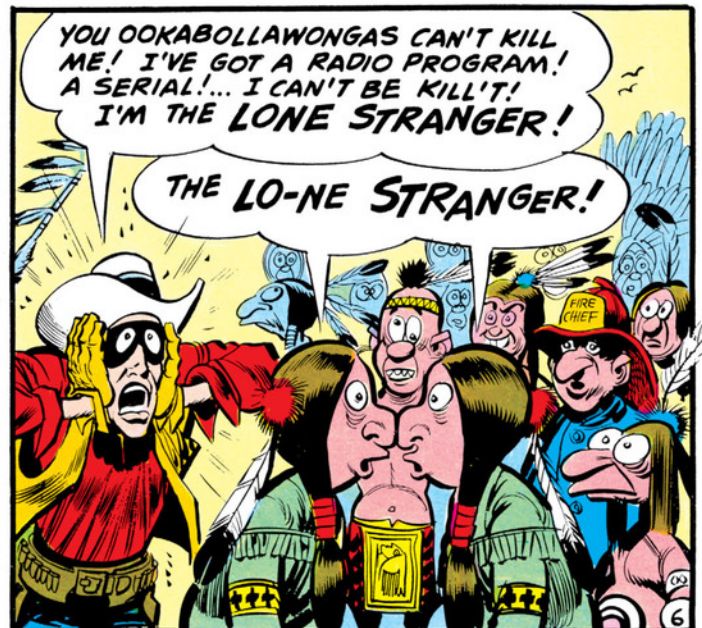
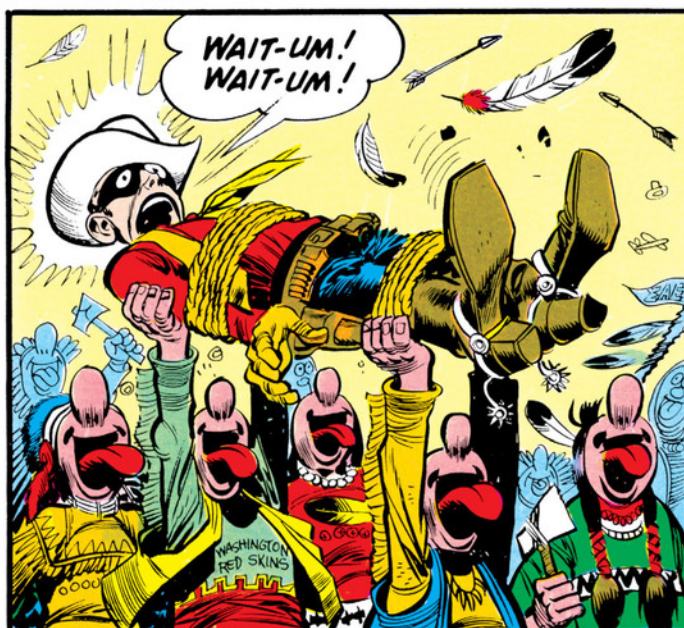
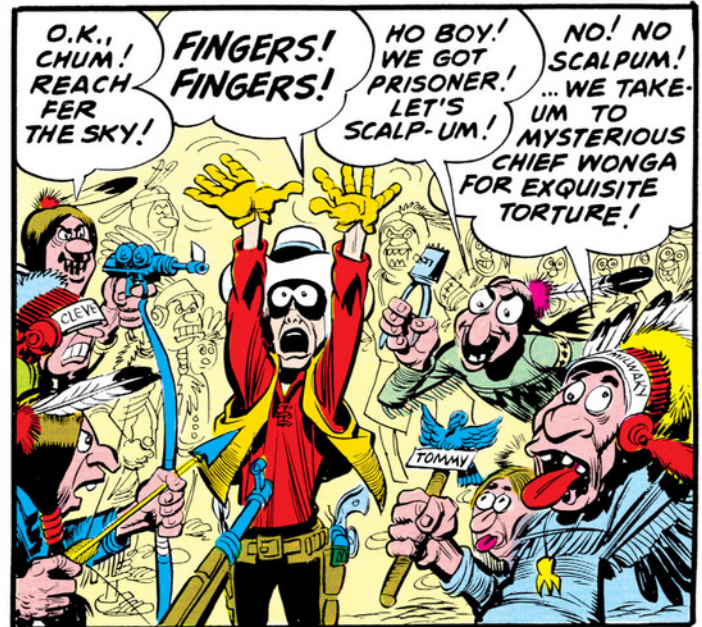
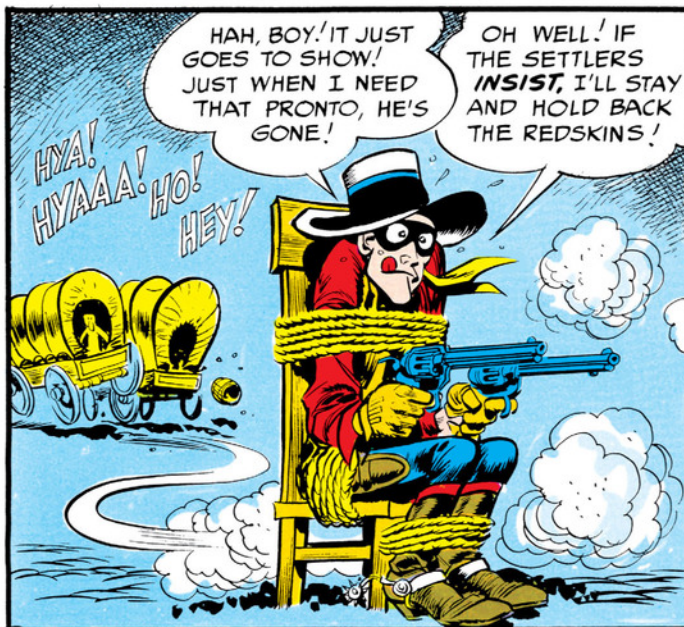
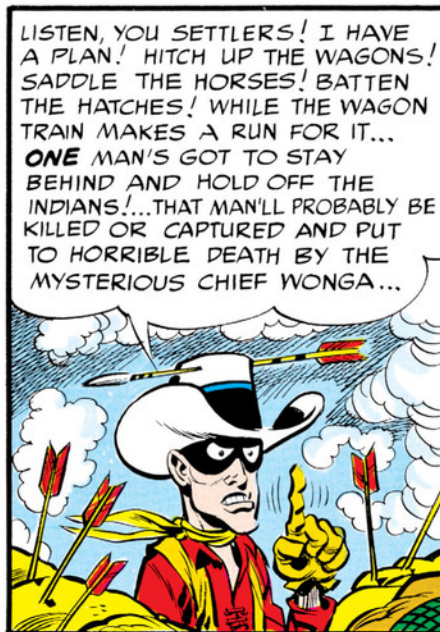
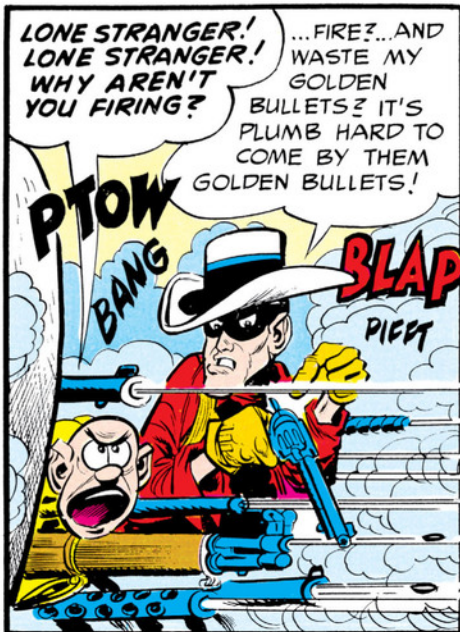
... WHERE'S PRONTO! ... **PRONTO**, YOU OLD RAP-SCALLION!

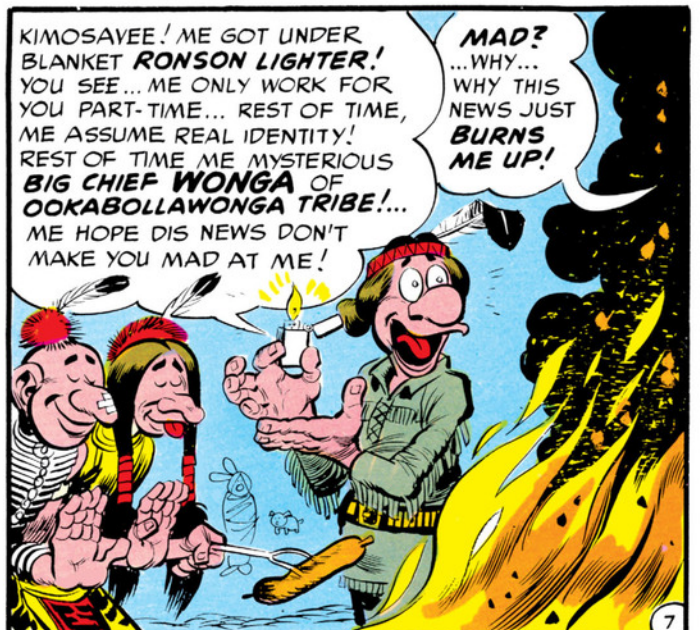
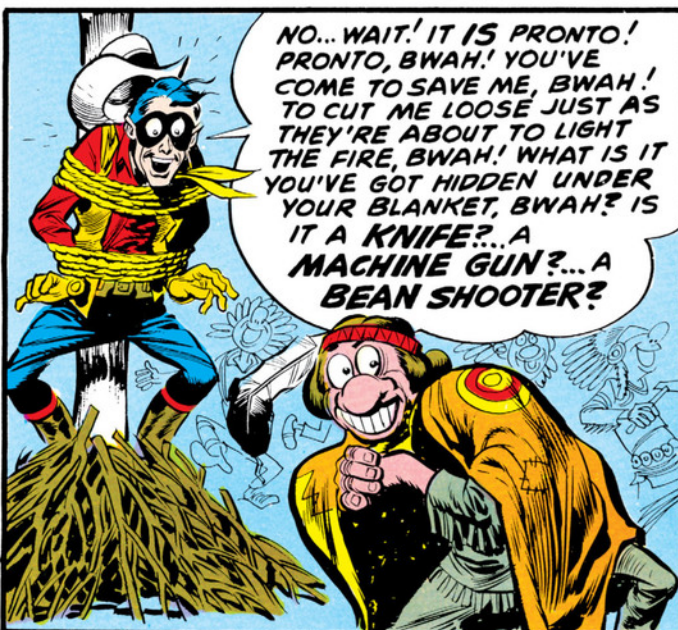
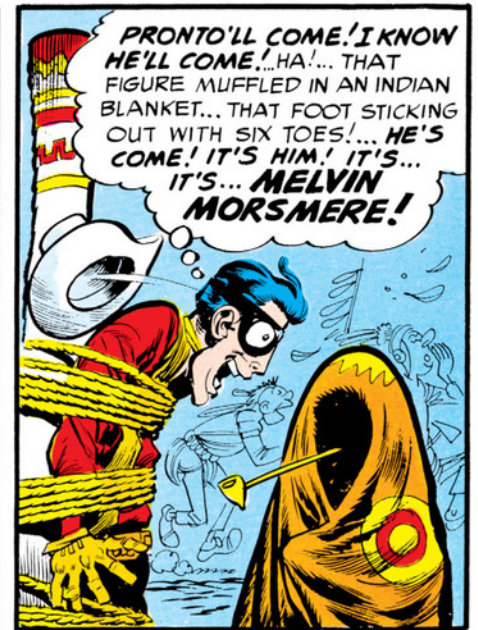
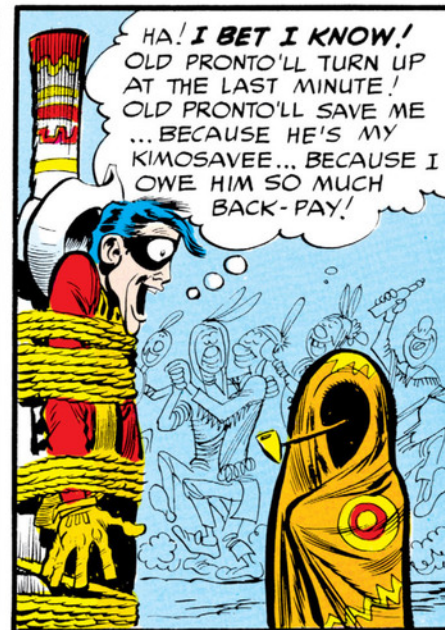
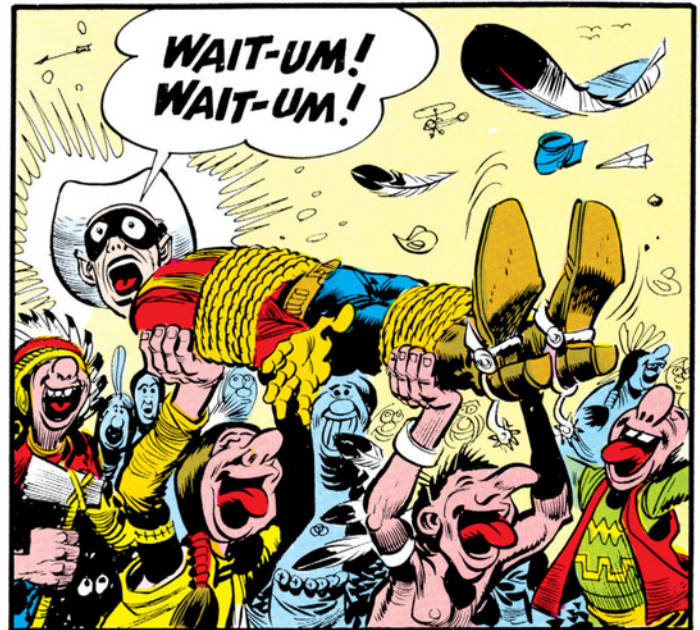
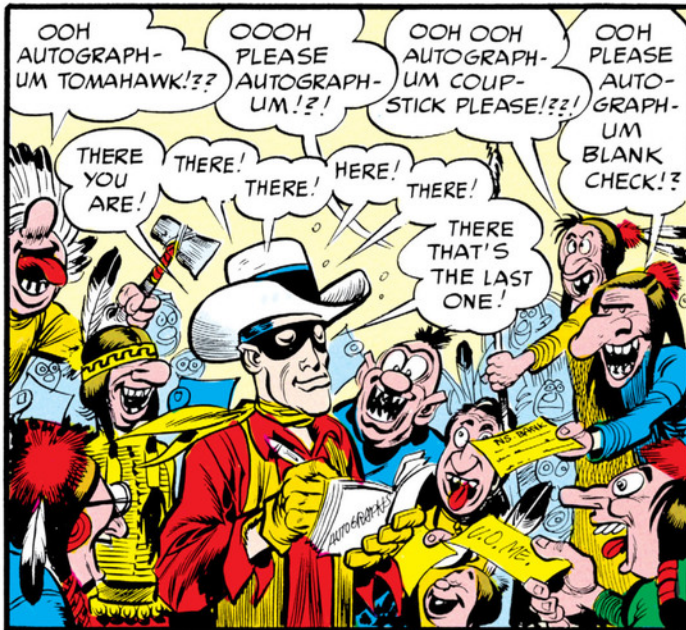












**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now the **SECOND** chapter in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

As you no doubt recall, in our last chapter, Jones' chief in Washington gave Jones the incredible news that the Russians were manufacturing **ARTIFICIAL DIRT**. This gave Jones grounds to believe that a filthy plot was underfoot. So on to **CHAPTER II** of...



... The chief continues: "Can you see what this development can do to our country, man?! Why, this could render the American sod completely useless! And think of all those poor Russian earth-worms crawling through **PHONEY** dirt!! (sniff-sniff) **HORRIBLE!** Now here's your assignment, Agent Jones. (By the way, from now on you'll have to go under the code name of **SHOVEL**.) Your mission, Shovel, is to dig up this dirt plot. It's a dangerous job, Shovel, but we feel you're the best qualified man for the job... seeing that you've been in the **UNDERGROUND** so long. You'll be picked up by submarine just off the coast under cover of darkness this afternoon at one sharp! The sub will take you behind the Iron Curtain. Got that, **SHOVEL!**?"

LOOK FOR THESE SEALS WHEN YOU BUY!

THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:

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HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

"I'll be there, chief!"

The next scene is the dock under cover of darkness. A submarine chugs up just as Jones arrives carrying a lantern, and an open umbrella, and a bandana containing all his personal belongings tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. The sub itself is a battered old wreck with a figure-head on the prow. It is all patched up with band-aids, and some sailors are plugging up holes with their fingers.

Jones asks the sub's skipper if the sub leaks, saying that the government can't afford security leaks. They enter the sub whose hatches are battened down. The engine is a rubber band (like an airplane model). The sub gets under way beneath the waves. An airplane flies past leisurely. Finally the submarine reaches the Iron Curtain, and some of the crew have to get out to use some braces-and-bits to drill through the curtain. They drill a hole and the sub passes through with ease.

Some time later on a lonely street, a sewer grating is lifted and through it protrudes a submarine periscope with a yellow bloodshot eyeball framed in the glass, as that crazy mixed up Shovel digs Moscow.

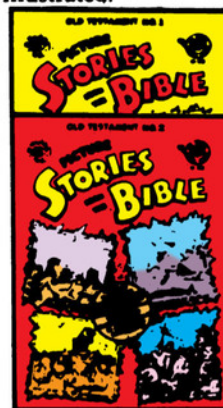
* * * * *

... Well! The plot sickens! We've reached the end of the page, and so we moscow. If you want to find out what happens next in the adventures of Five Finger Jones, you'll have to buy another copy of MAD! (Boy, have WE got YOU sewed up!)



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MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

...If you ask me, MAD is a disgusting, dirty, no-count comic and shouldn't be on the stands!! But it's just what we want. Keep up the great work.—John Hurt—Elgin, Oregon

...I know you would like to hear from a dissatisfied reader of MAD. That is why I am writing. I think you should be boiled in oil or killed by the death of a thousand cuts. Melvin should sic his apes on you. Your printing presses should be reduced to rubble by one punch from Superduperman, and you should be pummelled with used D.C. comic books. Just in case you are tired of this, I am tired of seeing MAD as a bimonthly comic. How about a *monthly* MAD, please?—Ronald Ketterer, Reading, Pa.

...I dare say you BLUNDERING IDIOTS will never stop making mistakes, will you? I thought you might be a little more careful with *Mad* than you have been with other E.C. mags. But no! You start right in making mistakes in *Mad* too. In issue number six, you told the story of CASEY AT THE BAT. Since Casey was my third uncle, 627½ times removed, when you made the following atrocious error I was very shocked. With the count nothing and two, Casey *removes his teeth* and prepares himself for the next pitch. As it comes, a sneer of satisfaction crosses his face and he *displays a full set of teeth*. Would you kindly let me know where he got the *second set of teeth*? I am deeply distressed at your mistake.—Harry Mitchell Jr.—Mudville, U.S.A.

...Var's dis? *Mad* only once every *two* months? How dare you! It's inhuman, cruel, and besides, it's not nice! What would Farouk think? Have mercy! Begin publishing that magazine once a month.—Bobby Perry—Auburn, Alabama

...I have read a few of your Mad comics, and in my opinion, I have never seen so silly a book in my life. It gives the child a mean mind and teaches him to hate other nations. I hate comic books for I am a Martian.—Aurtvo Servix—Canal 5, Cave 62

...My son, Gene Sultan, is Bat Boy for the N. Y. Giants, and just before he left for the Polo Grounds today, he begged me to read "Casey at the Bat" in your No. 6 issue of Mad. I told him not to annoy me, that I had other more important things to do. However, after he had gone, I thought I would humor him and read the story.

Well, I got such a kick out of it, and had to laugh out loud so many times, that I just felt I had to send you a short note complimenting you. The drawings are a brilliant satire on America's favorite sport. Be-

lieve me, I thoroughly enjoyed it!—Rose Sultan—New York City

...It might interest you to know that my buddy signed over the title to his '40 Plymouth on the condition that I call off his debt of \$165.00 and get him an issue of *Mad*—Bill Wiesenbach—Pensacola, Fla.

...The greatest brains of this school convene and discuss Calculus, Philosophy and *Mad*. This comic book is the only one we deem intelligent enough for our reading.—Some students of the Atascadero Union High School: Grace Woodworth, Tony Wilson, Carol Wilson, Donnadine Uischner, Pat Willey, Gene Dell'Anno, D. Morgan, Barbara Fresbie, Lee Erickson

...I read your issue No. 6 with great interest, even getting so far as the Mad Mumblings. There I was greatly disappointed to see that you had accepted a letter from some *engineering students as fit to print*. Here in Norfolk we are on the same campus as V.P.I., and I have therefore had experience with engineering students. So I say, and I speak with authority, that engineers do *not* have overracked brains, for they simply have *no brains to be overracked*!

I hope you will take this into consideration when you next receive a letter from one of the characters that live up to the name of your book...MAD!—Chucks Hancox—College of William and Mary, Virginia

...I bought a copy of *Mad*. I have to keep it locked in a safe, and when one of the boys wants to read it, we have to lock all the doors. We classified it "Top Secret." A couple more of those stories and we'll have the enemy licked.—Howard Griffith—U.S. Naval Air Base, Virginia

...I know your staff will not print this because they fear that if they do, some of their readers will be converted to the good way of life. The men who think up such stories must be possessed by the devil! I have glanced through your book. I was lucky to live just glancing through. Death to you fiends!—David Alessio—Pittsfield, Mass.

In closing, a reminder JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! (See inside front cover for details.) Subscriptions...75c...six issues! Keep writing. We need the cancelled stamps! Address for mail or sub orders is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 8
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N. Y.

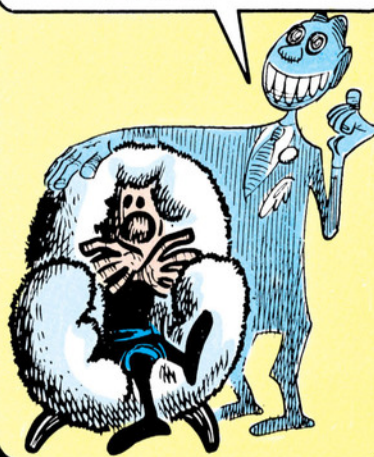
COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.:
ON THE FOLLOWING SIX
PAGES, YOUR MANAGING
EDITOR PRESENTS SIX
MORE OF THE EARLY
CREATIONS OF **HARVEY
KURTZMAN!**... SIX MORE
EXAMPLES OF THAT ZANY
NONSENSE CALLED...

HEY LOOK

YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS
CHAIR **FITS** YOU WHEN YOU
SIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN
PAYMENT...



..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR
TO RELAX IN, NOTICE HOW THIS
ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND
FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN
PAYMENT...



NOW, HERE'S A SIM-
PLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR
THAT IS VERY UNIQUE.
IT **GRIPS** YOU!



HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND
NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICAL-
LY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR
A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



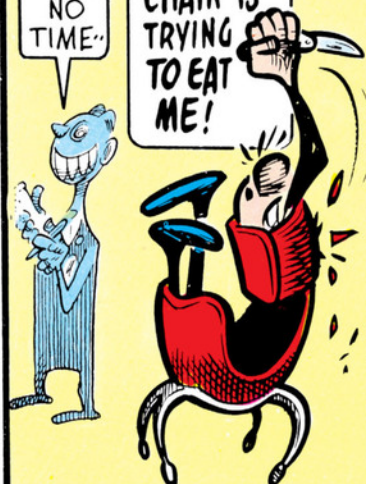
..YOU CAN
FOLLOW OUR
EASY PAY-
MENT PLAN...

BOY! DOES
THIS GRIP!



... IN
NO
TIME...

HEY! THIS
CHAIR IS
TRYING
TO EAT
ME!



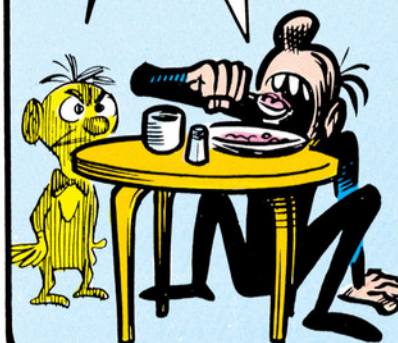
WO
HOPPEN?

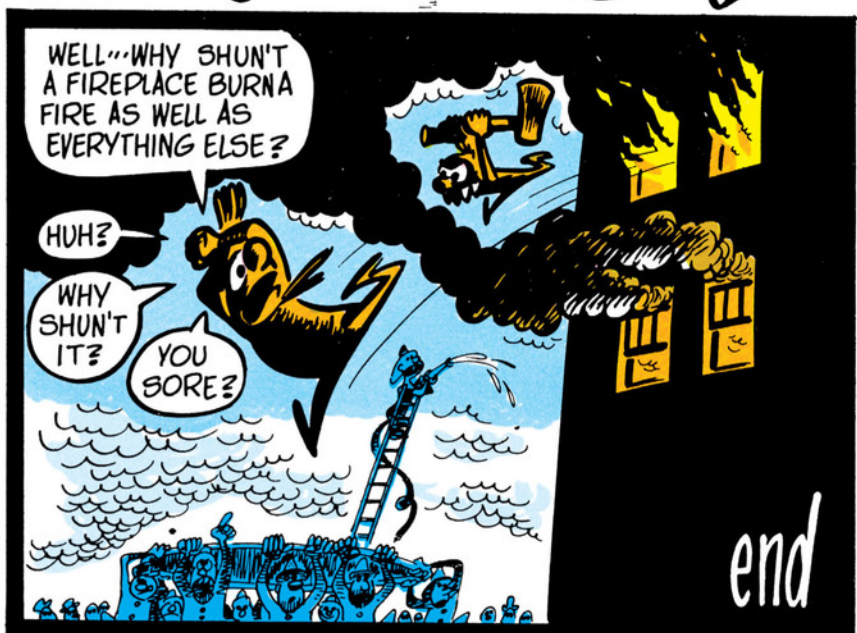
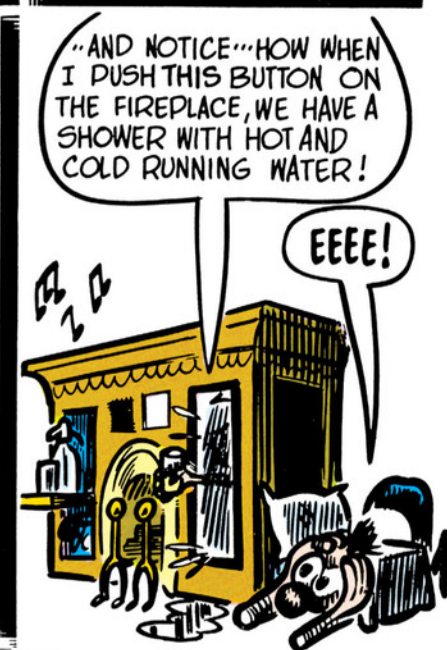
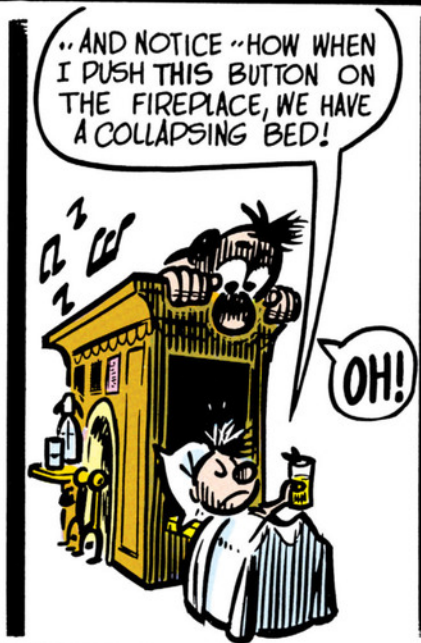
THIS CHAIR
GRIPS TOO
MUCH! LUCKY
I HAD
MY SCOUT KNIFE!



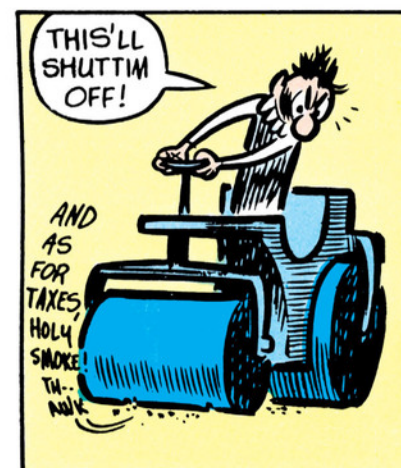
HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING
TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?

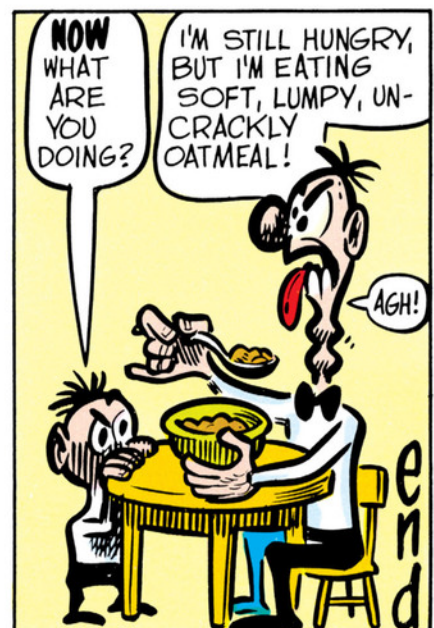
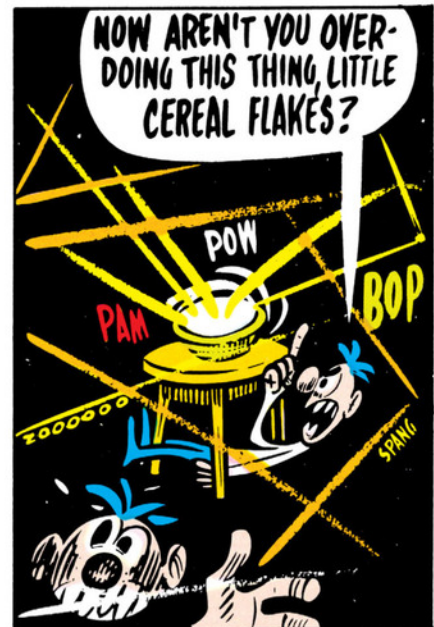
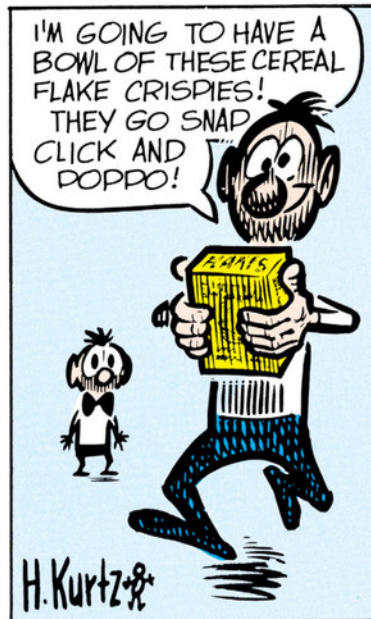
EH! IT'S SAFER
SITTING ON THE
FLOOR!

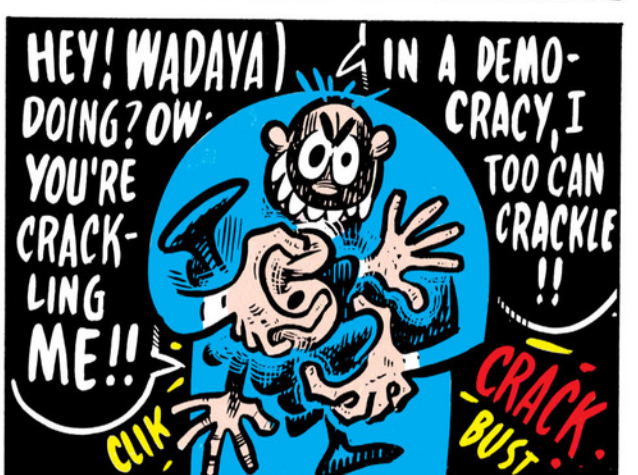
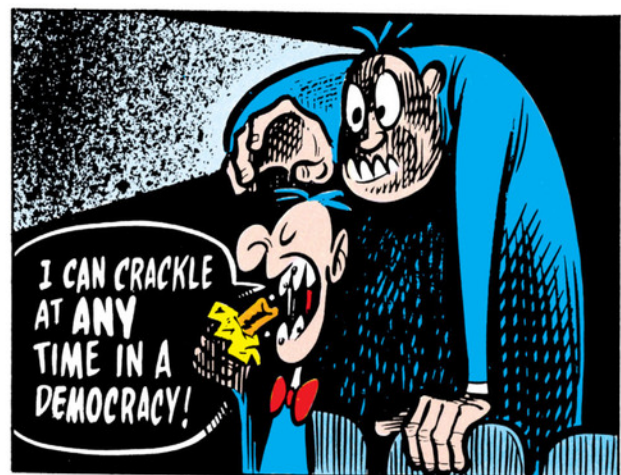
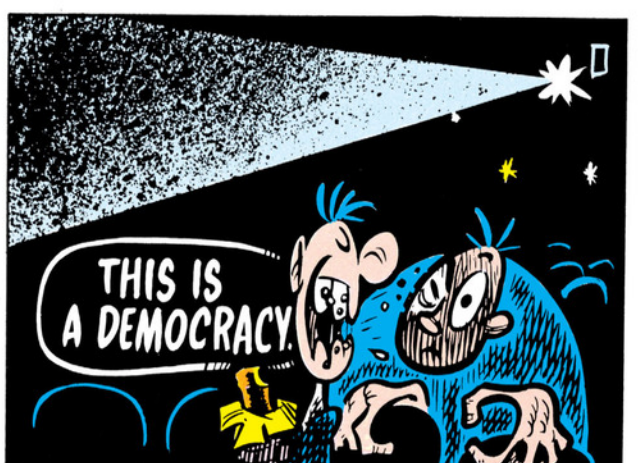
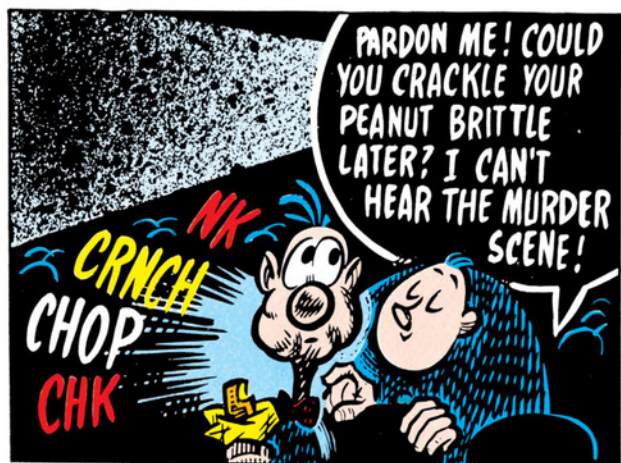
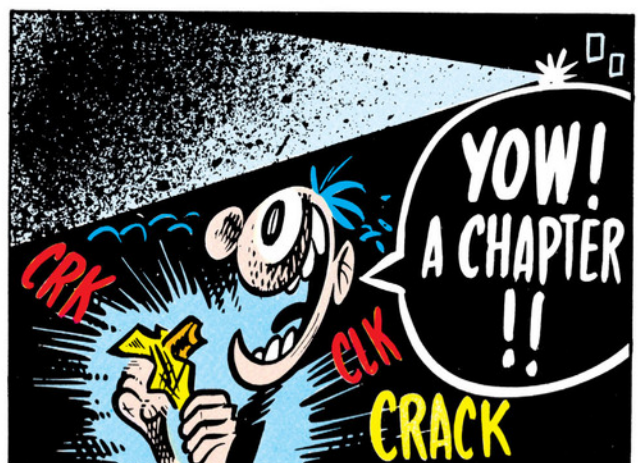
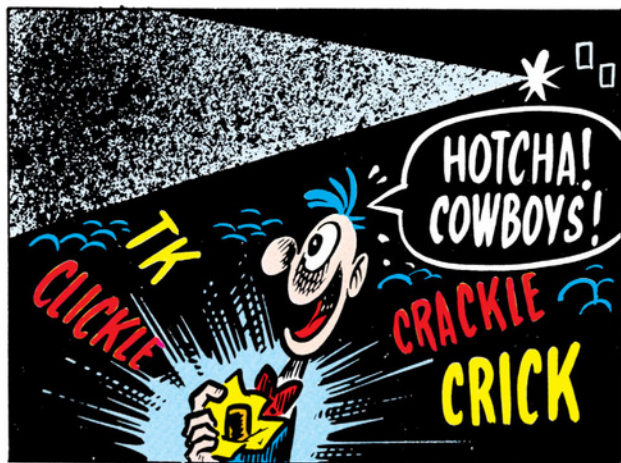


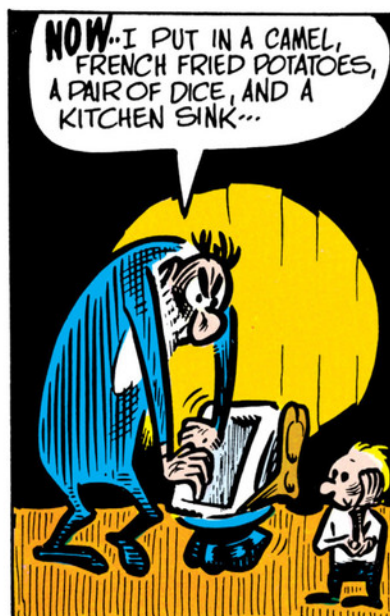


HEY
LOOK!

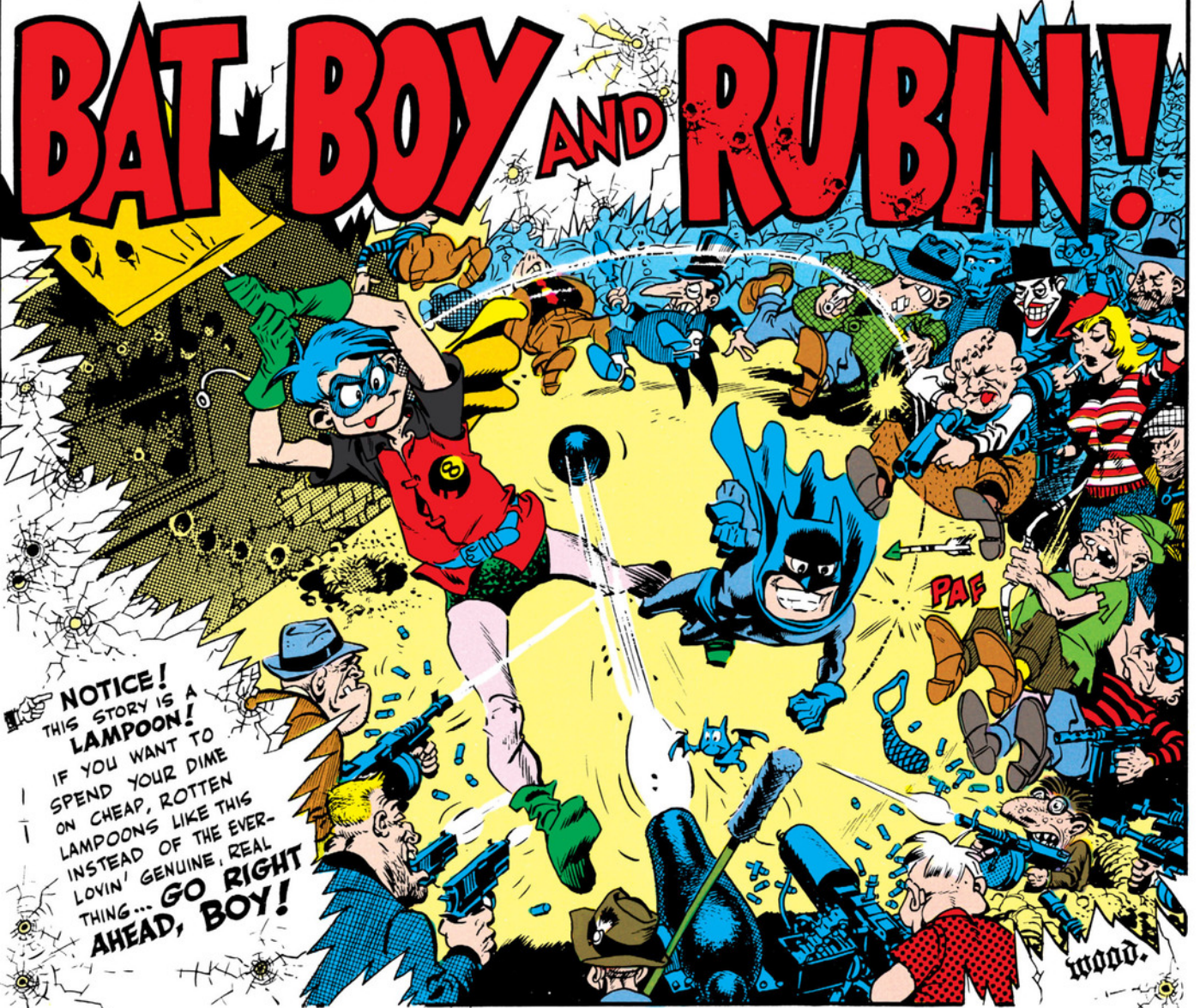








HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... *THIS STORY, THEN...* HAS **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING** TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...



NOTICE!
THIS STORY IS A
LAMPOON!
IF YOU WANT TO
SPEND YOUR DIME
ON CHEAP, ROTTEN
LAMPOONS LIKE THIS
INSTEAD OF THE EVER-
LOVIN' GENUINE, REAL
THING... **GO RIGHT
AHEAD, BOY!**

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! THE WHOLE GANG OF CROOKS
IS GETTING READY TO **CHARGE!** SHOULD WE:

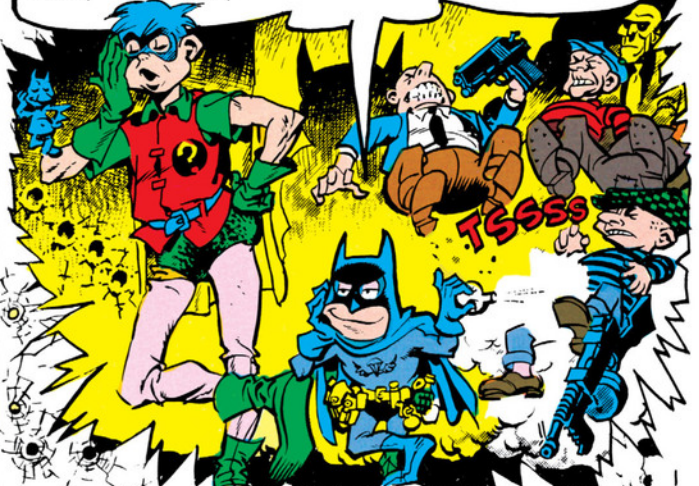
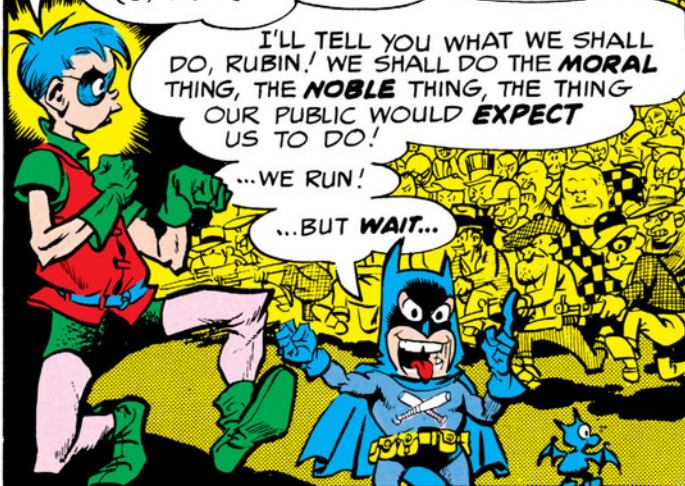
- (a) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR FISTS?
- (b) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR WEAPONS?
- (c) RUN?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE SHALL
DO, RUBIN! WE SHALL DO THE **MORAL**
THING, THE **NOBLE** THING, THE THING
OUR PUBLIC WOULD **EXPECT**
US TO DO!

...WE RUN!

...BUT WAIT...

...IT JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE IN ONE OF
THE LITTLE COMPARTMENTS OF MY WEAPON'S BELT,
A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES
GANGSTERS **JUST** LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM
AWAY TO JAIL!



WOW, BAT BOY! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY CARRIED A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT BLINDS GANGSTERS AND A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT TURNS GANGSTERS FRIENDLY... BUT NOT A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT **PARALYZES** GANGSTERS!

HALP!

NOTE: WE REPEAT! **LAMPOON!** BATBOY MIT A BOY! RUBIN MIT A U!

(UGH)...(UGH)... I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY TINY LITTLE VIAL WHERE I KEEP MY FURSHLUUGNER SECRET GAS MASK... (UGH)...

...WELL... THAT FINISHES THE FLOOGLE GANG! LET'S CLIMB INTO THE SECRET BAT-O-MOBILE AND GO HOME!

KOF KOF KOF KOF KOF

WITH THE CLEANING UP OF THE FLOOGLE GANG, WE HAVE PROBABLY ENDED THE WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS THAT HAVE PLAGUED COSMOPOLIS CITY!

(COUGH) (COUGH) ...DRATTED SECRET GAS! ...HAND ME A KLEENEX FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, WILL YOU, RUBE?!

CHUG PAF GA GOO GA! POOF! CHUG QUEEK CHUG

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! BAT BOY! ...I-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! A...A...A... THAT'S IT! A ROAD MAP FROM THE AAA... AND A PAIR OF GLOVES!

SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE GLOVES IN A GLOVE COMPARTMENT?

...WITH HANDS IN 'EM?

A BODY!... KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS ALL THE OTHERS! THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE!

QUICKLY!... ONTO OUR SECRET BAT-O-CYCLE! OBVIOUSLY THE KILLINGS WERE NOT THE WORK OF THE **FLOOGLE** GANG BUT I THINK THEY'RE THE WORK OF THE **FLEAGLE** GANG!

...NOW TO TAKE OUT MY SECRET BAT-O-LARIET...

...I THINK WE SHOULD DO SOME SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPERS! ...DEFTLY, I SHAKE THE LARIET OUT OF ITS VIAL!... DEFTLY I AIM IT TOWARDS THAT POST, AND DEFTLY, I THROW IT WITH UNERRING AIM...

WOW!

OOP! MISSED!

...TAKE 'ER AROUND AGAIN!

BROOM POK BR-RUP

